Vol. CXXIX. No. 1678

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Riley do

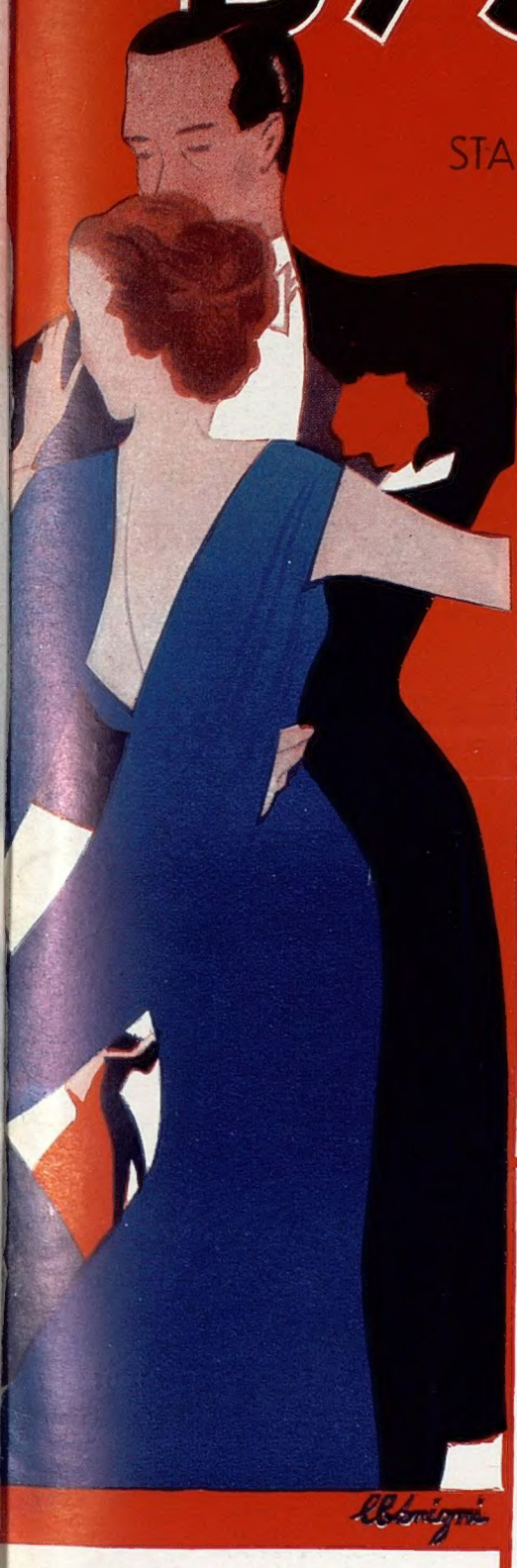
THE BYSTANDER. FEBRUARY 12, 1936

The BYSTANDER

STAGE / SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

" Bystander Short Story : Winter Sports

1/-



By Appointment.

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

For INFLUENZA & COLDS

1/3 & 3/- IN POWDERS OR TABLETS

Cephos

Pronounced See-foss REGD

THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

Sold by all Chemists & Stores is safe and certain

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

FOR INDIGESTION AND STOMACH TROUBLES...

Drink it at meals and during the day

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

Charles Heidsieck

Champagne · Reims

1926 VINTAGE

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

MARTELL'S COGNAC

Cordon Bleu

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

PRICE ONE SHILLING ; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
Evenings 6.15 and 9. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE"
The Funniest Musical Sporting Farce ever Staged. Prices 1/6 to 10/6, including Tax.

BRITISH HOTEL

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS
Come away from winter's icy blast and enjoy soft warmth in the spacious sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria Hotel. 100 bedrooms and suites all with central and electric heating, h. & c.; unstinted cuisine; large lift; garage . . . from 4½ guineas per week.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. 'Phone: Hastings 869.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ROYALTY BAR, MONTE CARLO
In its new premises and 2nd entrance on the Blvd. Desmoulins (facing Casino Gardens).
The Smartest Rendez-vous for Cocktails. Light Meals. Afternoon Tea.
Owned and Managed by FRANCIS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris. — Hotel du Jubilé. — 125 Avenue Champs-Elysées. Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Priv. bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Paris. — Hotel Lutetia. — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.–Spend Winter at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill–where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms. with priv. bath.

Cap Martin.–Roquebrune.–Villa Sévigné.–Five min. from Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by Owners. T'ms fr. 4 gns. wkly.

Menton. — The Majestic (Swiss Hotel). — Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pens. from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most lux. hotel, cent. sit. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day. Fac. s'th. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Mentone.—Riviera Palace.—200 rooms. Full South. Unrival. views. Park 15 acres. Tennis. Garage. Inclusive terms from Frs. 50.

Nice.–Hotel Angleterre & Grande Bretagne.–Ev. frt. rm. with bal. View on gdn. & sea. Bath & ph. Fr. 25 frs. rm. only & fr. 55 frs. full board.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.–"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SPAIN.

Tossa.—Beach Hotel Casa Steyer.—Ideal Mediterranean recreation, all year round. All comforts. From 3 gns. incl. per week.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

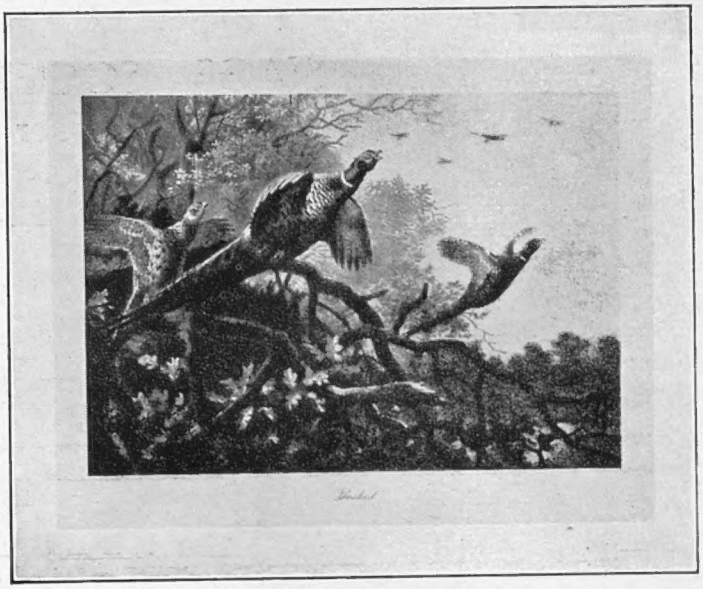
Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gstaad.—Hotel Oldenhorn.—3,600 f. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pens., incl. all taxes and ski school instruction f'm 12 Swiss Frs.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Wengen.–Park Hotel Beausite.–1st. cl. Brit. fam. htl., mod. con. Cent. posit. Wint. spts. Orch. In. tms. fr. frs. 14.50. E. Buhlmann, prop.

A Delightful Gift for a Sporting Friend



Double-Tone Photogravure Plates of GAME BIRDS

(*Size* 20″ x 30″—*plate sunk*)

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. This fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings, while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of plates available:
PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

2. *The First Victim*
3. *Turning Back from the Guns*
4. *The First Woodcock*
5. *Waiting for the Turn of the Tide*
6. *Grouse at the Drinking-Pool*
7. *The Frozen Spring*
8. *Flushed*
9. *First over the Hedge*
10. *Through the Still Birchwood*
11. *Straight for The Guns*
12. *The Covey Basking*
13. *Sunrise on the First*
14. *A Family Party*

PRICES

Prints	Coloured by Hand
10/6 each	£1.1.0 each

Orders, with remittance, should be sent to:
The Publisher,
The SPORTING & DRAMATIC
346 Strand, London, W.C.2

The Bystander, February 12, 1936

The BYSTANDER

No. 1678. Vol. CXXIX.

Lily Pons—
Film Star

This "Lily put the kettle on" piece of domesticity comes from the little French opera-singer's first film, "I Dream Too Much," which is now at the Carlton. To go on the films or into a revue (like Irene Eisinger in "Follow the Sun") does a singer's reputation no harm these days; contrariwise, if they're successful in the new medium, it sends up the demand for them in the old. Lily Pons' lovely voice, high and true, and her neat, pretty little person charmingly justify her star status in this first film (in which Henry Fonda is her opposite number). She sang at Covent Garden last season as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and delighted her audiences; there is no news yet of whether or not she's coming back this summer

Snow News of the Week

Miss Diana Renshaw and Mr. Tony Pawson

Left: Diana Renshaw and Tony Pawson got into the news while they were waiting for an up-mountain train at Kitzbühl. Miss Renshaw is Lady Winifred Renshaw's younger daughter and a niece of the Earl of Leitrim. And, photographically at least, she's oddly like Lisa Maugham whose picture is below

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sturmy Cave, Mrs

Miss Lisa Maugham

Has been decorating Kitzbühl, and like her camera-double above, was waiting in the sun for a train

Miss Penelope Maffey

Is in Austria once again, for ski-ing this time; she's usually there for music. She is Sir John Maffey's daughter

Miss Mary Christian

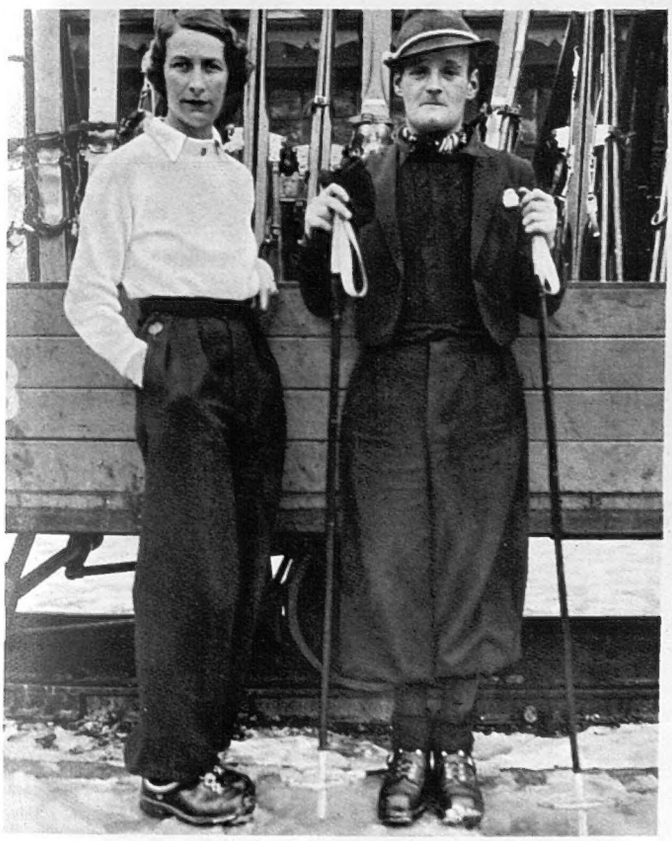
Still another Kitzbühl railwayside snapshot is of Mary Christian, who is a niece of Lady Monsell, and came out three seasons ago

Curteis and Lord Farnham

Lt.-Col. "Bill" Sturmy Cave is the hon. secretary of the Ski Club of Great Britain; Mrs. Curteis' husband is a Gunner, stationed at Catterick; Lord Farnham is president of the Eagle Ski Club, a well-known touring club centred at Grindelwald, where the photograph was taken

American Ski-ing Heroines at Garmisch

The American women's ski-ing team was just off for one of its last bouts of training before the Olympic Games opened at Garmisch last week. In the group, besides the team's trainer, are Miss Heath, Miss Carter, Miss Bird, Miss Woolsey, Mrs. Boughton-Leigh and Miss McKean



Miss Wedderburn-Wilson and Mr. Heckstall-Smith

These two Kandahar Club members were waiting for the funicular from Grindelwald to Scheidegg. Marguerite Wedderburn-Wilson is Canadian, from Montreal; Tony Heckstall-Smith is as well known in the yachting as in the ski-ing world, and is a Grindelwald regular

Four Canadians Who Are Now At Garmisch

Sam Cliffe is president of the Canadian Ski Club and official Canadian delegate to the Olympic Games; Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox was Diana Kingsmill, of Ottawa; Mrs. Chamier is Air Commodore Chamier's wife and a member of the Canadian team; and Harry Pangman, of Montreal, is a member of the famous Red Birds Ski Club, and manager and trainer to the Canadian teams. They were all at Grindelwald before they moved on to Garmisch

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

IT will be some time before the West End resumes its normal life and gaiety, but last week, signs of returning activity manifested themselves.

It was more a matter of personal disinclination than any question of convention that prevented people visiting cabarets and the livelier restaurants. A quiet dinner in a grillroom and a cinema afterwards fitted in more to the Mayfair mood of the moment, and the resultant early hours and absence of night life was probably very beneficial.

A Friendly Village

ONE of the first things we did on our return from New York (yes; we 've just been there) was to " go feed ourselves at the Ritz." It seemed like home from home after the jabbering smartness of the Colony Restaurant; in fact, a muggy, rainswept London in the deepest mourning, wrapped itself around us like a comfortable, friendly village, after the cold, grim " foreignness " of New York. (Oh, we appreciate its superiority in many ways, and our private misfortunes and disappointments cannot be allowed to depress this column !)

To get back to the Ritz: there were two mink-clad beauties lunching together, Lady Ashley and Lady Warwick. There was Lady Milbanke in a quaint little halo, with a peak on her forehead that emphasised the fact that she is one of the prettiest women in London.

We seem to remember one of Henry the Eighth's wives in a similar toque, but it 's so long ago we forget. Pat Charles is wearing one too, with great effect. She is one of the people made for period and picturesque clothes, and we hear, as Nell Gwynn at the Beauties' Ball, she looked enchanting.

The best Russians get together for luncheon, and almost every day at the Ritz you will find the two Dimitris, the Prince and the Grand Duke, with a bunch of compatriots.

The Necessary Impertinence

SOCIETY girls are taking their stage careers very seriously. Following Miss Penelope Dudley Ward's example, Lady Caroline Paget has joined the Repertory Company at Oxford, and from all accounts shows great promise.

Then there is Miss Sarah Churchill, who is in the chorus of C. B. Cochran's new show, *Follow the Sun*. She is a good-looking girl, with regular features, but isn't as gaily impertinent as the average chorus girl.

Janet Jevons

Stage Engagement

Miss Mary Casson, daughter of Mr. Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Mr. William Devlin have announced their engagement and are being married in a week or two. He is one of the leading actors at the Old Vic this season, and plays the Irish doctor O'Mara in the Napoleon play, " St. Helena," with great success

Right: Mr. Robert Lea and Miss Valerie Domville announced their engagement last month. He is the second son of Sir Sydney Lea, of Dunley Hall, Stourport, Worcs., and she is the elder daughter of the late Sir James Domville, and Kathleen, Lady Domville

The New Cochran Revue

Fiancé and Fiancée

Miss Mary Brian and Mr. Cary Grant

Two Hollywood migrants who sometimes meet to talk their native language are Mary Brian and Cary Grant. This time they 'd gone to the Dorchester to see those other Hollywood visitors, the Starlets of 1936, and Florine McKinney, who is doing film work here as well as cabaret singing

Swaebe

at the Adelphi Brought These and A Hundred and One More First Night Faces Into the Picture

Three faces that have given London a holiday these last few months belong to Mr. Whitney Straight and Lady Daphne Straight, who've been honeymooning in America, and Lord Moore, who also has lately come back to his native side of the Atlantic

Mrs. Duncan Sandys went with her mother, Mrs. Winston Churchill, to see "Follow the Sun," in which Miss Sarah Churchill appears as one of the Young Ladies. Mrs. Sandys is Mr. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter, and married Duncan Sandys, M.P. for Norwood, last autumn

Lady Ashley was in the Cochran first-night audience. She has only been back from America a short time, having made a quick trip there after an even quicker trip to Switzerland

Beauty Queens of the Suburbs

TWENTY years ago, when Gaiety girls married dukes and earls, they usually sprang from the humblest origin, "playing behind the gas works" when they should have been at school, and drifting on to the stage via a pantomime, or an audition where they were chosen solely for their beauty.

It is the beauty "Queens" of the suburbs and provinces, the daughters of the well-to-do middle classes, who make up the choruses to-day.

They have parents who can afford to educate them and train them well for a stage career. Much is demanded of the "chorine" of to-day. She must sing or dance really well, in addition to being extremely pretty, but stage beauties are no longer well-known toasts of the town, who pull off big matrimonial prizes. Lady Ashley and the Countess of Suffolk are about the two last of the stage and peerage romances; and Sylvia Hawkes, as she was then, had become almost a leading lady in her meteoric stage career, while Mimi Crawford was a musical-comedy star in big type in the West End.

Clever Claire

EXCELLENT as we thought *Follow the Sun*, Mr. Cochran's new show, when we saw the initial production in Manchester, in some magical way it is now even better.

Once again we stress the unbelievable dancing, exotic colouring, and enchanting rhythm of all the Cuban scenes; the beauty of the clothes and scenic effects of the whole show; and the wisdom of "C. B.'s" choice of Claire Luce as a leading lady. She is especially good in the "Tap, Tap, Spy" dance; and after another duet about "love" and "youth" and the danger of both, the gallery held up the show with their insistent applause.

The usual ermine-coated, orchid-ed, "twenty-four-shillings-a-stall" audience; the usual barrage of flashlight photographers—"Just a minute, *Lady Hornby*"; and "If you please, Lord Moore!"

A queue of autograph hunters, celebrity spotters and film fans, half-way down the Strand; all the looking-on public who get a kick out of other people's lives.

A New Son-in-Law

IN a box we noticed those inveterate first-nighters (can't avoid the hackneyed phrase), Mr. Bendir, with his latest step-son-in-law, Lothar Mendes, and the lovely ex-Countess Bosdari; in another, Elizabeth Bergner, with Mr. and Mrs. Cochran.

Scattered about the stalls were Mme. Alanova, Mrs. Harry Roy, a sprig of lilac in her new red hair; Gertie Lady Dudley, Mr. Whitney Straight, who is paying us a compliment by essaying an English domicile; his lovely wife, all in sombre black; the Ranee of Pudakota and her son; Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley. Her brother's shooting ballet, with its grotesque Edwardian costumes and birds flopping on to the stage, is one of the definite hits of the evening.

Did They Laugh?

WE are fed up with floor shows, and bored to death with the usual cabaret, but we shall go to the Dorchester over and over again to see a couple of knock-abouts called Walter Dare Wahl and Emmett Oldfield, who are by far the best turn of their kind since the Caligary Brothers.

We went on there from the Adelphi, and if these two don't reduce you to helpless laughter, you'd better go and see a doctor. Charles Laughton, with hair almost as ruffled and unstuck as Lord Poulett's, was supping with Alexander Korda, and just ask them if they laughed!

The newly-engaged Lord Shrewsbury and his fiancée were there, in a big party; she with a whole spray of white flowers in her hair, and a look of Mrs. James Seeley about her.

There was a large round table at which Lady Veronica and Mr. Anthony Hornby were sitting, also the Baroness von Kriger, an attractive German blonde, Mr. Michael Farmer and Mr. Hugh Longden. The Rupert Byass's came in later and joined this party, he with his arm in a sling, and a sad story of torn tendons, due to a day's fun with the Cottesmore.

Lord and Lady North, and Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Leon, with Philip Astley, were at smaller tables around the room, and a certain amount of glamour was lent to the proceedings by a couple of film stars, Cary Grant and Mary Brian, who, to use a Hollywood expression, seem to be "going places" together.

One of the World's Workers

A RECENT recruit to the ranks of the world's workers is Lady Moira Combe. One of the few people who can be truthfully described as really beautiful, Lady Moira has dabbled energetically in literature for several years, contributing helpful dress articles to a daily paper, and dealing as a dress expert with an ever-increasing fan mail. She has now undertaken a responsible position at a Piccadilly store, where, from behind locked doors, she supervises the buying of what is professionally known as "merchandise."

You've Had a Busy Day!

FAR from taking a holiday on his occasional visits to America, Lord Donegall

spends his time in New York chasing round in small circles after every kind of "story" for his newspaper.

During his two-weeks' visit there last month, he managed to include a double execution at Sing Sing, an interview with Governor Hoffman, the repriever of Hauptmann; an investigation of a ten-cent dance hall, a visit to the Hayden Planetarium, and a flying visit to Boston to interview the big noises of Christian Science.

During such moments of leisure as remained between his story-chasing and fits of "going social," he appeared to take a nose-dive straight into Harlem's undergrowth, saying as he took off: "The rhythm up there is just Beethoven to me!"

Amateur Recording

THE Old Florida was the scene of a picturesque stag party the other evening, when Lord Amherst, Lord Anson, and various brother officers of Mr. Tom Duprez, gave a supper to celebrate his appointment as Military Attaché at Madrid. There was even a piper in attendance in these rather incongruous surroundings.

Marvellous Atmosphere

WE dined at the Bon Viveur in West Chapel Street the other evening. It must be the smallest club of its kind in Mayfair, and has certainly a more cleverly built-up foreign atmosphere than anywhere else we can think of. Priscilla Lady Annesley was dining in an alcove under the band; the Marquis de Casa Maury and Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox were others we saw there. Also Mr. Bob Lebus, who contrived to make us thoroughly discontented by his description of Monte Carlo, from whence he had just returned.

Let's Pack Up and Go!

THE weather there is apparently lovely, the place is packed, our Austrian friend Charlie from the Ritz is a "wow" at the Sporting Club at supper-time. There is a new kind of double roulette, at which you have a twelve-hundred-to-one chance.

The Marquess of Cholmondeley is enlarging his villa; Count Sala is building a new one; Lady Eva Wemyss has rented the lovely "Mauresque" from Mr. Somerset Maugham; Mrs. Stanley R. Smith won a million gold francs one night, and lost it the next. Dickie Fellowes-Gordon's garden is full of mimosa and apple-blossom, and she already gives luncheon parties out of doors.

A French Actress

WHEN the Majestic arrived at Southampton on its last trip but two, the other day, some notable passengers stepped ashore. Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who played a star part in the latest Hepburn film; Mr. Ivor Novello, who paid a flying trip to New York to enjoy a busman's holiday, and saw two plays a day while he was there; and the Duchess of Leeds, a pale, dark Frenchwoman, who wore some exciting clothes and enviable diamonds during the voyage.

Then there was Mr. Michael Crichton, one of the most popular young men about town, who has been in New York since the middle of December on business bent. He is a stockbroker, and has as keen a flair for business as for everything else that matters.

Tall, fair, good-looking, he is a mounted policeman in his spare time, dances incredibly well, and developed a violent passion for ski-ing during a recent week-end visit to Montreal. MISS PEEPS

In our issue of February 5th, on page 212, the photograph titled "An Afghan General" was of General Louis de Keresztes-Fischer, representing the Hungarian Army at King George's funeral, and not of General Mohomed Omer Khan, as we stated. We much regret the mistake.

In the same issue, on page B, the titles and captions under the photographs of Miss Margaret Gunson and Miss Jean Christine Coats were transposed.

Two "Debs" and a Bridesmaid

Miss Bridget Smiley

Bridget Smiley is the débutante daughter of the late Hubert Smiley and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, was born in 1918, and has a brother in the Rifle Brigade. Her mother is giving a dance for her in May. The Carlisles have a house near Chichester, in Sussex, and a London one in Culross Street

Miss Inez Walter

Right: Inez Walter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Walter, and is going to be bridesmaid at her brother, Roderick Walter's wedding to Miss Amicie de Burgh Whyte. Mr. John Walter is a chief proprietor and director of the "Times"; Roderick Walter is his younger son

The Hon. Ava Baird

Ava Baird is the youngest of Lord and Lady Stonehaven's three daughters, was born in 1919, and is coming out this year. Her eldest sister is the Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason, and Ariel, the second of the three, came out two years ago

Photographs by Bassano and Fayer of Vienna

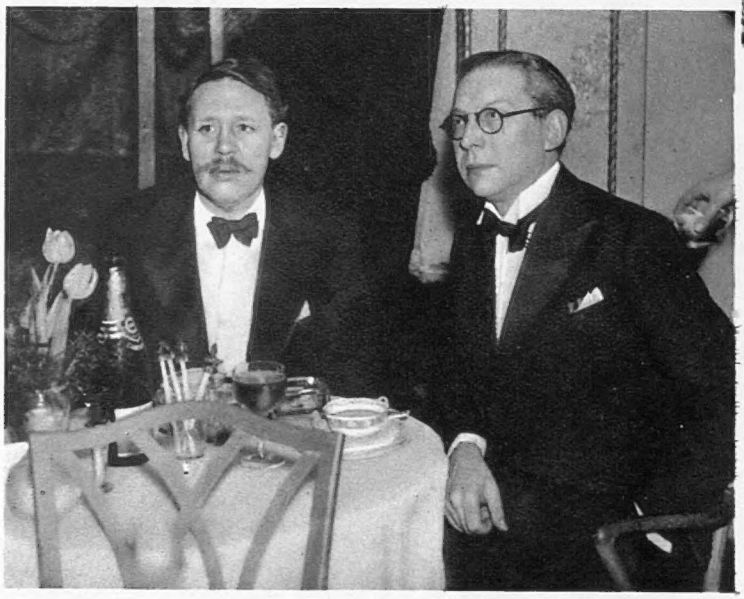
Norman Parkinson

Miss Diana Barnato

It says something for Miss Barnato's looks that this picture of her is completely unretouched; she is going to be one of the beauties among this season's débutantes—dark, with lovely eyes, a clear pale skin, and an unstereotyped style of her own. She is the younger daughter of Mrs. Richard Wainwright and Captain Woolf Barnato, and two years younger than her sister, Virginia Barnato. She lives with her mother and stepfather in Regent's Park

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan

Miss Vivienne John and Augustus John



"Dr. Laughton, I Presume?" and Mr. Korda

Swaebe

Markova, Dolin, Mrs. Assheton and Allen Lane

Mrs. Mary Hamilton and Sir Josiah Stamp

News Names

Celebrities of This Kind and That In the London Night-Life Picture

● *Charles Morgan, author and "Times" dramatic critic, and Hilda Vaughan, his authoress wife, were at the first night of "Follow the Sun"* ● *So were Miss Vivienne John and her father, and both went in day clothes* ● *Charles Laughton and his moustache, and Alexander Korda were having supper at the Dorchester, and watching the new cabaret* ● *Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin went on to the Windmill Theatre's fourth birthday party after their ballet programme was over; they are with the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Assheton and Allen Lane, a member of the Bodley Head publishing firm* ● *Mrs. Mary Hamilton is a B.B.C. Governor, Sir Josiah Stamp is Chairman of the L.M.S., and a director of the Bank of England, and they were at the Women's Employment Federation dinner*

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 7. Viscount Tredegar

LORD TREDEGAR is at least as pure a throw-back to the Renaissance as Lord Castlerosse is a reincarnation of the Tudors. So he, too, is an intrinsically lonely man, however many friends he may have. What is more, I have it on the authority of his Swiss medical adviser that the formation of his body and skull is an exact physical reproduction of a Renaissance nobleman's. And when he first took up his appointment as Privy Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword at the Papal Court, everyone was astonished at the way he seemed to know all the elaborate ritual and ceremonial as if from memory or instinct, or both.

This association with the Renaissance manifests itself in many other ways. Lord Tredegar has written three or four books of elegant poetry, one of which, *The Eel*, has been translated into three languages. He is very fond of swimming—another Renaissance characteristic—and he keeps an aviary and menagerie.

HE likes to surround himself with beautiful things by Michael Angelo, Donatelli, Leonardo da Vinci, and others. He is a gourmet and he is a music lover. He is also a Knight of Malta, a member of the Rhododendron Society, a former officer in the Welsh Guards, a member of the French Institute of Fine Arts, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, the world's leading authority on Dr. John Donne, a cousin by marriage of Lady Maud Carnegie, a great grandson of the Vicereine of the Caucasus (who had the largest collection of dwarfs in the world and who frequently dressed up as a man-at-arms), a former Conservative candidate for Limehouse and Cardiff Central, a Life-Governor of three hospitals, a president of two others, an Old Etonian, and a great traveller. An exact example of his exotic life may be found in the circumstances of his succession to the title two years ago. He was in a New York millionaire's yacht off Venezuela when Prince Paul of Greece heard the wireless bulletin and informed him that he was now the new peer.

LORD TREDEGAR is very proud of his Welsh blood, and reminds you that the whole county of Glamorgan takes its name from his Morgan ancestors, once Princes of South Wales. He is so complete a fatalist that he has no superstitions whatever. He even allows his elephant statuettes to face inwards and towards the wall, and every night he repeats the Princesse de Lamballe's prayer, "That which will happen will happen." He is tremendously pro-Italian, a great snuff-taker, a hater of telephones, very quick-tempered, delicate in health, but the bravest invalid imaginable. Even a double mastoid and a temperature of 104 degrees will not prevent him being as amusing and debonair as ever.

Evan Tredegar talks quickly, stimulatingly, and very well—being one of the most interesting conversationalists I know. He is a good linguist and a keen chess player—Renaissance again. But it would be unfair to leave the impression that he is born so completely out of his century that he can take no interest in the responsibilities of his birth and fortune. On the contrary. He is genuinely and deeply concerned in social work. He has made himself an expert on unemployment and housing, and does everything he can for his tenants in Bow and Bromley, most of which he owns. For as a professional nobleman he feels that he can be of more service to the public than he could be if he were a commoner and therefore liable to be prejudiced.

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Bird-Life in Vienna

Ex-Prince Paul is the perfect valet who can manage a cocktail or a gunman with equal ease (Ballard Berkeley)

"Sauce for the Goose" (St. Martin's)

IF a city can collectively feel injured, surely Vienna must be in high dudgeon at being made the venue for so many theatrical inanities. The scene of the present play at the St. Martin's is laid in the apartment of a noble Baron in Vienna. It starts in a light and amusing vein, but to see four people monopolising a whole play with their sordid, so-called love affairs ceases to amuse and becomes oppressive.

A man of the supposed social standing of Baron Carl von Romberg (Wyndham Goldie) might be expected to abandon the dinner he had arranged for himself and a little friend, rather than replace his defaulting guest by ordering a young person to be sent by Kappells, the local universal provider of anything from a pyramid to a carraway seed. Imagine the painful, refeened type of female that might be supplied by such an organisation!

HOWEVER, of course, he is lucky, and he entertains an angel unawares in the shape of the wife of the proprietor, Marie Kappell (Nora Swinburne), who, by some miraculous chance, is alone in the office when he telephones his order, and she decides to undertake the job herself rather than let the firm down. Sez she!

Thus we have the stage set for the well-known game of changing partners, for, of course, Fritzi (Kay Hammond), who left Carl with a dinner for two on his hands, has deserted him in favour of Herr Ernst Kappell (Charles Mortimer), whom she foresees will be a much more paying proposition, as his business has made him a millionaire.

The usual complications ensue, but as the dialogue is on such a note of artificial, not to say coy, brightness, the situations not unnaturally pall. There is not one genuine sentiment amongst the whole lot of characters with the exception of Fritzi, who has the clearest possible eye for the main chance and diligently pursues without shame the trail of gold. Perhaps this accounts for Kay Hammond's outstanding success, as she alone has a real purpose in life while the rest are mere puppets. She gives her lines a value beyond that of the actual words by the inimitable way she puts them across, and she gives that delightful impression of casualness which is only achieved by a very clever technique.

THE principal characters finally pair themselves off to their own satisfaction, though no one else can be expected to care much about their evanescent liaisons. Such light people require very deft handling, but Frederick Carlton's characters are light simply because they are completely hollow instead of having the sparkling effervescence of champagne. Wyndham Goldie works very hard at being gay and debonair, but he probably knows that never, even in Vienna, could there be quite such a fool as the Herr Baron. Ballard Berkeley plays the part of Paul Rackoff, Carl's cook, housepariourman and friend, and also in his spare time lends a hand with his employer's alleged love affairs. Needless to say, he is a Russian royalty. Many a weary housekeeper would be thankful to know where these domestic paragons are to be picked up.

It is a great achievement on the part of Nora Swinburne to make Marie appear quite a charming, if a moral, young woman, when she might so easily have been offensively arch and glaringly immoral.

Kay Hammond as Fritzi is a gold-digger without shame

Sketches by Rouson

Charles Mortimer, as Herr Kappell, the universal provider, is horrified to find that as well as food, he has provided his wife (Nora Swinburne) as dinner companion to the Herr Baron (Wyndham Goldie)

Below: James Woodburn takes the part of John Brown, the devoted personal servant of Queen Victoria

Albert, the Prince Consort, is also played by an American actor, Vincent Price

In circle above: Lewis Casson plays Lord Melbourne in the New York production

Helen Hayes takes the name part in "Victoria Regina"

"Victoria Regina" in New York

The American Production of Housman's Banned Play

LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S play, *Victoria Regina*, dealing with the life of the great-grandmother of the present King, is banned in this country under the rule forbidding characterisation of royalty on the stage. The recent protrayal of Henry VIII. on the screen and the appearance of monarchs in *1066 and All That* lead to speculation about the time limit of this rule. Meanwhile, Helen Hayes plays the Queen and Vincent Price is the Prince Consort in Gilbert Miller's production of *Victoria Regina* at the Broadhurst Theatre, in New York. At the same time, a film dealing with Queen Victoria's girlhood is being prepared in Berlin, entitled *Mädchenjahre einer Königin*. *Victoria Regina* was played privately in this country at Chesham Bois, and the Gate Theatre (where Pamela Stanley played the Queen), and was as well received here as in America

Germaine Aussey and Harry Baur

In a French Historical Film

Harry Baur is the great French actor who made such a brilliant success of his first English part in "Moscow Nights" last year. He has just finished a French historical film, "The Golem," which has been made in Prague under Julien Duvivier's direction, Baur playing the mad Rudolf II. of Hapsburg. The lovely Germaine Aussey is cast as Countess Strada. Since the film was completed she has come to England to appear in a film version of "Dancing Boy," Ethel Mannin's story, in which Rene Ray and Fred Conyngham are taking leading parts

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

Standing By . . .

By "The Bystanders"

A CHAP (rather a decent chap, as a matter of fact—Service people, and all that) was telling us at a party the other evening about Lord Mersey's Cyprus Committee, whose annual report is just published. This chap said they 've already repaired some of the neglect of centuries, restoring historic ruined churches and saving mediæval abbeys. As they go on poking in the rubbish, they may discover something more about the ancient cult of Aphrodite, Queen of Love, which started in this very island, as you recollect. That struck us as rather romantic. It 's queer and romantic, anyway, to think of Venus's own island now being a British Colony. We mean to say, suppose some of the old influences still lingered ? Suppose the Rosy-Fingered, the Cyprian herself, suddenly appeared, exquisite and imperious, while Major Chokesmith was dressing for dinner? Pretty damn embarrassing, what ? Sort of French idea, what ? And suppose the Queen of Love took a blind fancy to the Major, and followed him round, even to dinner-parties ? Fat lot of use the Major's trying to explain, with bursting arteries, that he didn't know who the devil the woman was, or care !

A very pretty, fantastic ballet might be made on this theme, with Douglas Byng as Mrs. Major Chokesmith. We suggested as much to the chap who was telling us about Cyprus, but he didn't think it would do. He said, after a pause, that people probably wouldn't understand it, and it wouldn't perhaps be in the best of taste. He then told us about a bathing-beach in Cyprus which is apparently of marble—great cubes and chunks of pure white marble going down to the crystal-clear Mediterranean. To his surprise we didn't think this in very good taste. We thought it the kind of beach Sam Goldwyn or Cecil B. de Mille might have. This shocked and dismayed him, and he drifted away and left us, which we regretted, for he was a rather decent sort of chap, as we 've said before.

Marbles to You

TALKING of marble : whenever a woman did us wrong it used to be our habit to denounce her publicly as having a heart of marble. Chatting the other day with a connoisseur of marbles, we learned that this is all too vague and loose a phrase. There are apparently so many kinds of marbles of the finest kind (as of cheese) that one should—so this connoisseur assured us—differentiate. Has she (one should ask oneself) a heart of Red Irish, Verde Antico, Canadian Blue, or Pentelicon ? Of Rouge Jaspe, Devonshire, or Labradite ? Of Rosa di Numidia, Derbyshire Birdseye Grey, Antique-des-Pyrénées, Red Languedoc, or Brocatello ? Of Yellow Siena, Connemara Green, Rosso Antico, Verte Campagne, Fleur-de-Pêche, or Pavonazzo ? Of Grey Cippolino, White Carrara, Polyphant Black, Green Genoa, or Bresche Sanguine ?

Before speaking lightly of a woman's name, therefore, it is as well to get these things right. Incidentally, we learned from the same expert an interesting thing. That group of yards full of funereal marble statuary which decorate the grim and endless Euston Road is the last relic of the eighteenth-century sculptors' colony which stretched along Piccadilly, from which it moved north of Oxford Street. The most famous of these "statuaries" was Sir Henry Cheere, whose yard was at Hyde Park Corner, and whose painted leaden figures of sylvan gods and goddesses adorned so many noble and genteel gardens. We hand on this bit of out-of-the-way London lore in the belief that it interests you. If it doesn't, drop us a card, will you ? It will be read with the greatest sympathy before being chucked away.

Tzigane

CHIVNY bukka ! (which means "Just fancy ! ") We gypsies keep getting into the news, with our wild Romany ways, what ? We displayed our dazzling wolf-like teeth in a grin of pure pleasure when we read in the papers the other day about the Devonshire garage proprietor. This heir of Drake and Hawkins told the local magistrates that Gipsy Rose Mitchel drove up in a car—that 's how we Romany chals get about nowadays—and asked him for two split-pins. She then offered to tell his fortune and asked for a piece of silver. Tapping his pocket, which contained money, she then asked the son of Devon to let her hold some of it a moment. He gave her 23s. 6d., she put a handkerchief over it, made several mysterious passes—and hey, presto, abrakadabra—she returned it, eight shillings short, and left. "I couldn't stop her," said the man of Devon. "I lost all my self-control." He explained that the gypsy hypnotised him. Denying this (as also the affair of the missing eight shillings),

Mutiny on the Bounty

Noel Langley, who sent us this drawing, is the author of "Cage Me a Peacock" (Arthur Barker), a successful and most amusing first novel. The author did his own jacket and decorations

our little sister of the windy heath was nevertheless fined two pounds by a tyrannical Gorgio bench. According to the Devon police, this romantic old Romany custom is becoming a " positive ramp " among the garage proprietors of the county which (as you've been told so often) is the noblest jewel in Britain's crown, with a yo, heave ho !

Speaking as gypsies of proud and ancient blood—one of our ancestors stole William the Conqueror's Sunday pants—we think Devonshire is a much easier proposition now than it was in its Elizabethan heyday. Any gypsy who tried the hypnotic double-cross on Drake, for example, would have been pretty unlucky. That hero knew all about double-crossing, and throve on it. Hawkins equally. It was a bad period altogether for us Romanys, in fact, seeing that from the Virgin Queen and her boy friend Cecil downwards there was hardly a shady trick that wasn't practised habitually and with consummate skill.

It 's easier for us gypsies nowadays, because everybody 's good and kind. Especially, they tell us, in Devon. Everybody sing, please :

Her maidens FAIRRRR-RRR as the AHPPLE bud,
And her men are MEH-EH-EHN indeed !
(*Pom, pom, tiddley, pom.*)

Headliners

PERSONALLY esteeming billiards to be the grimmest exercise ever devised to save mankind from the agony of thinking, we were nevertheless interested, crossing Leicester Square some days ago, to perceive *Daily Mail* placards on the railings of Thurston's announcing : " TOM WEBSTER HERE TO-DAY." This seems to be a new departure.

Some time ago the *Star* booked space in the Underground trains to exhibit the attractive pans or dials of its ace contributors, each by himself, including even the military features of the Lieutenant-Colonel who writes the Bridge Notes. What additional revenue the *Star* has scooped by revealing to the public what its big boys really look like we couldn't say. Rather a handsome and impressive lot, they seem to us on the whole ; the noble dome of Mr. Spalding, the *Star* Golf Expert, in particular, would grace any art gallery. The only reason we can think of why the other leading newspapers haven't immediately rushed to follow suit is a rather delicate one—it 's expensive and annoying having to change the portraits week by week. Starring our genial old playmate Tom Webster is a pretty safe proposition, however. Apart from his genius, he 's the only man the *Mail* can't fire, people tell us.

We 'd like to see the poster idea more generally adopted. Huge green - and - white *Express* posters outside the Savoy announcing : " CASTLEROSSE HERE TO-NIGHT " would draw the town. Probably.

" Modom of course realises that Rome wasn't built in a day "

" Do you stop at the Ritz ? "
" What d'you think I am—a millionaire ? "

Veto

IT seems—we have it on oath—that the Worshipful Company of Painters, one of the lesser London guilds, actually has the power, if it so wishes, to condemn any picture exhibited in the City of London which seems to the Company to be " detrimental to the morals and welfare of the King's lieges." Burlington House being unfortunately in the City of Westminster, no Academy Exhibition comes into the Worshipful Company's orbit, yet if they 'd only thought of including Westminster when this privilege was granted—we assume it 's a mediæval one—what larx ! as Mr. Gargery wrote. We can think of hardly one picture in the last Academy which wasn't detrimental to the Crown's lieges, by reason of matter or manner.

Is a slipshod, uninspired botch of a land- or sea - scape morally good ? Any authority on

æsthetics, from Aquinas to Croce, will tell you it isn't, unless we're damnably mistaken. The buffy tomato-faces of all those major-generals, the blank egg-faces of all those debutantes, the cynical horse-faces of all those dowagers which crowd the Academy walls year after year—are they detrimental, or aren't they? Do they make you feel noble, or do they fill you with angry and wicked thoughts? All right, don't tell us. We probably overheard you at the last Private View. The rather nice girl with you giggled and said hurriedly: "Oh, *do* shut up! They 'll *hear* you!" Quite right she was, too, to shut you up. You rather frightened us. From what we heard of your language, you 're the kind of restless revolutionary who 'd say a *Punch* joke wasn't terribly good.

Chez Barrett

HAVING decided to pull down the Adelphi, the boys who like pulling things down are now, we observe, turning their attention to the late Georgian houses north of Oxford Street. No. 50, Wimpole Street, where the Barretts of Wimpole Street lived, is now nearly demolished. The workmen descried no scraps of Browning's poetry scribbled on the one layer of mid-Victorian chintz wallpaper they found. Successive tenants to Mr. Barrett apparently modernised the house pretty completely. Yet we shouldn't wonder if the ogre-ish shadow of that fearful Victorian Papa hung over some of the rooms of No. 50—especially what was once Papa's Room, or The Study; where, as Max Beerbohm observed of the Victorian Papa generally, he spent his godlike leisure fingering portfolios of engravings, or leaning aside to examine severely a globe of the world. Anyhow, the house has gone, and we particularly admired the feat of Auntie *Times*, who devoted an obituary to it without once condescending to mention Rudolf Besier's outstanding play, which everybody admired so. Rat and drabbit the old Gorgonian baggage (we said affectionately to ourselves), isn't that just typical of her!

We 're wondering how long it will be before those spacious stucco crescents and terraces of big houses in Regent's Park go the same way. In their way they are historic monuments, speaking eloquently of the huge, solid, oppressive, well-padded, immovable comfort and self-sufficiency of the early and mid-Victorians. The only living and vital person we know inhabiting one of these mansions is Mark Hambourg. The other tenants, as Logan Pearsall Smith suggested, are possibly those dignified, glassy-eyed Victorian Statesmen and Royal ladies and distinguished murderers from Madame Tussaud's, close by. Who knows? London is full of such pleasing enigmas. Do you know, for example, the other Baker Street—not the one you know, the other one, off Lloyd Square, somewhere Pentonville way? Arthur Machen, who knows so many mysteries, once tried to take us there. He said there were unknown stucco squares and steep mystical streets north of Gray's Inn which were more secret and wonderful than Libya. He also offered to guide us to Brentford, where no mortal man has ever set foot, assuring us that the inhabitants had eyes in their chests. We took his word for it.

Bard (Official)

POETRY-LOVERS are still mumbling dully, we find, about those slabs of funereal verse which the Poet Laureate despatched from his Los Angeles hotel for a recent historic occasion, and which duly appeared in the *Times*. The majority of Masefield fans, rejecting the theory that the couplet on Kipling (especially) was composed originally for last Christmas's crackers, take the view now that it must have been good or the *Times* wouldn't have printed it. After careful inquiries, we find that the *Times* is by law not allowed to reject *anything* sent in by a Poet Laureate (18 Geo. IV, Cap. LXV, iv-v). Hence in Printing-House Square the sight is not infrequently seen (we 're told) of a white-bearded assistant literary editor crying, "Hi, yi, yi!" and banging his venerable head in mad despair against the wall, a newly-received manuscript from a Laureate clenched in his shaking hand. His aged but treacherous comrades often try to egg him on to rebellion. "Spike it, sport, we 're withya!" pipes a quavering voice. "Pass it up, kid!" shout half a dozen others warmly. Then a stern Astorian voice from the door says, "Ya 'll take it and ya 'll *like* it," the malcontents melt away, and the incident is closed.

Incidentally, a little-known and historic privilege attaches to the Poet Laureateship. A Laureate can order 100 copies of any official poem by him to be printed (in colour) on pink silk handkerchiefs with lacy fringes, free. Nobody wants these, however. THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 12.—The "Financial Times"

I 'VE never owned enough spare cash
To try to cut a heavy dash
By gambling on the Stock Exchange,
And so its every way is strange.
I do not know (and don't much care)
What is a Bull and what 's a Bear,
And why men sell shares they 've not got
To those who can't pay, like as not.

So the *Financial Times* holds no
Appeal for me—I never show
Excitement when its experts say
That Aspirates have dropped to-day;
If Chemicals they say are high
With *those* words I.C.I. to eye,
For not without good cause, methinks,
Is Chemistry at school called "stinks."

No, I 've not read the "F.T.," but
I 'm sure that proves that I 'm a mutt,
For, dealing with the Stock Exchange,
It 's bound to cover a wide range,
And so, perhaps, each day it sticks
In those delightful limericks
Which show to us once and for all
The strength of "Gorgonzola Hall."—B. W.

"Would you mind demonstrating the mousetraps to-day, sir?"

FILMS of the DAY

The Rake's Progress Reversed

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

"Rendezvous"

"Mr. Powell has never been better" than in his new spy film at the Empire, says our reviewer. As a U.S. Government agent, he plays opposite his new leading lady, Rosalind Russell

Below: unpopular at first because he reads Plato in the streets, "Dr. Socrates" (Paul Muni) in the film of that name at the Regal, rescues Ann Dvorak from distress and later clears the township of gangsterdom. M.-G.-M.'s latest is poor in plot but good in detail

Paul Muni as "Dr. Socrates" Tends Ann Dvorak

AWAY back in 1926—forgive these maunderings, but I am very old—I saw *Beau Geste* and was considerably impressed by the performances of two of the cast. No, not handsome Ronald Colman, or his dashing brothers, Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes. I am thinking of Noah Beery, who made an unforgettable figure of the brutal but highly efficient sergeant, and of the dark-eyed fellow with the slightly twisted nose who turned out to be a half-Arab and a traitor and altogether a very dirty dog. His name—perhaps you remember?—was William Powell.

That was Mr. Powell's first real chance on the screen, and it had taken him five years to get even as far as that. Since then we have seen him evolve, in a sort of inverted Rake's Progress, from the slimiest of villains to picturesque gamblers and thence to amusing rascals and finally to heroes.

Mr. Powell has even established a new line in heroines. His nonchalant method was borrowed first by Myrna Loy, with him in *The Thin Man*, and then, when Miss Loy annoyed M.-G.-M. by demanding a new contract, by Rosalind Russell, leading lady in the current *Rendezvous*.

"RENDEZVOUS" is a spy melodrama, set in war-time. America is sending a lot of ships full of munitions to Europe, and U-boats are sending quite a lot of them to the bottom. Information is leaking out, enemy messages have to be deciphered, codes have to be devised that the enemy cannot read. And who better for the job than the casual Mr. Powell, author of *How to Encipher and Decipher*, a work which has enormously impressed the State Department at Washington, even though its total sales are revealed later as three copies? There are some interesting glimpses of the methods actually used by the American Intelligence Service, periodically interrupted (rather oddly in our eyes), by the comic intrusions of Miss Russell as Mr. Powell's well-meaning but addle-headed girl friend; and the story works up to an exciting showdown with hero and heroine in the clutches of gloating German agents who clearly do not know their Powell. The dialogue is slick and natural, Mr. Powell has never been better, Miss Russell does a very efficient Myrna Loy, and the whole thing is first-class entertainment.

THE fact that Ginger Rogers appears without Fred Astaire in *In Person* gave rise to some spicy and highly circumstantial stories. They had quarrelled; greedy Mr. Astaire wanted to steal all poor Ginger's limelight; that unpleasant girl with the carrotty hair was jealous of dear Fred's fame; and so on, and so forth. Now it comes out that they have just been teamed again in another picture, and that *In Person* and a new Astaire picture without her are mainly experimental. Radio have an economical desire to see whether they can collect more cash with two stars in two pictures than they do with two stars in one.

If you are a terrific Astaire fan you may find yourself missing his sad smile and flying feet: if, like me, you have rather a weakness for Miss Rogers, you will rub along well enough without him. I have always maintained that Miss Rogers, like Jean Harlow, is a much better actress than most people believe, besides being a likeable young person with the best figure on the screen. *In Person* proves it. The plot is simple. A film star, spoiled by fame and hysteria, is sent up to the mountains to be cured. A good-looking physician (George Brent) is in charge of the case, and the cure seems to consist mainly in cooking his food, sweeping the floors and crooning to pass the long summer evenings. But all in good clean fun, you understand: nothing that the B.M.A. could consider infamous in a professional or any other sense.

The idyll does not last. Comes Love, Comes the Dawn, comes a car-load of film people trying to induce Miss Corliss to go back. A sheriff jealous of the county's morals arrives with a shot-gun and forces her to marry the wrong man, there is an agreable touch or two of slapstick, and the story ends where it began—in Hollywood, with the cave-man doctor, now married to the star, being addressed to his fury as "Mr. Corliss." A nicely realistic touch.

THE gangster genre is what Hollywood does best. *Doctor Socrates* is not one of the great gangster epics, like *Scarface* or *City Streets* or *G.Men*, but it is good enough. Paul Muni is a rarely intelligent actor with an uncommon gift of intensity; here he has a rôle he can play on his head—a promising young surgeon whose life (or, rather, nerve) has been wrecked by a tragedy. He retires to what we call the provinces and America the sticks, seeks refuge in his books from the stupidity and malice of the small-town people, befriends a girl hiker, gets mixed up with gangsters who drop in now and then for running repairs, and, just when he is suspected of being in league with the gang, neatly rounds the whole lot up single-handed. Hokum, but well enough done to hold your interest.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE'S first Hollywood picture, in which she plays opposite Frank Morgan, was called *The Perfect Gentleman*. In England, where Miss Courtneidge's name is supposed (probably with reason) to mean more than Mr. Morgan's, it is called *The Imperfect Lady*. It gets away to a slow start, works up to some agreeable comedy mixed with a bit of sentiment, and has by way of high light a charity auction which I thought extraordinarily funny. Miss Courtneidge is not at all bad, but the real star of the film is Mr. Morgan, whose dashing old major, full of dud cheques and tall stories, is something of a triumph.

Anthony

WENDY TOYE, OF THE MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET, AS A CAN-CAN GIRL

Wendy Toye is a spirited, versatile dancer of much humour and intelligence; her Can-Can girl in the Markova-Dolin "Divertissement," and her Tattooed Lady in "Show Folk" both give her sense of comedy and characterisation full scope. She is also dancing in the revival of "The Nightingale and the Rose," Oscar Wilde's story which Dolin has set afresh to Fraser Simpson's music. She is eighteen, has been dancing in public since she was four, at the Coliseum, with the Camargo Society, in musical comedy—"Ballerina," "The Golden Toy," and "Tulip Time" were three of the latter in which she appeared. She is also known as a choregrapher; "Aucassin and Nicolette" for the Markova-Dolin Company is her latest and most ambitious ballet. She arranged the dances for "Toad of Toad Hall" for several years, also with Dolin the dances in the film, "Invitation to a Waltz," and for the Camargo Society she composed "There Is a Willow Grows Aslant a Brook"

Cowar

A Worm
A Roman

"SHADOW PLAY" and *Fumed Oa*
To-night at 8.30 repertoire at th
Lawrence as a husband-and-wife
a gentle sentimental trifle about
finds her way back to her honeym
her sleepily delirious talk. They
ever-after one. By complete contra
winner theme of domestic rebellion.
give him courage for revolt and fligh
a very worm of worms, brilliantly
thoroughness of her versatile genius,

Below: Fumed
little piece of y

Shadow Play—"*It'll be all right now, I promise*"

Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence as the Young Marrieds who find they are still in love

"*I could never love anybody else that much—but you*"

d Contrasts

n Rebellion in Balham :
tic Reunion in Mayfair

k are two of the second trilogy of plays in the Coward e Phœnix. Both of them have Noel Coward and Gertrude combination, but there the likeness ends. *Shadow Play* is n unhappy young wife who in a sleeping-draught dream noon mood, and leads her husband by the same road with sing a little and dance a little, and the end is a happy- at, *Fumed Oak* is a low-life variation on Maugham's *Bread-*. Coward's downtrodden husband, whose £500 of savings ght, is a gloriously unexpected piece of writing and acting, y described and interpreted. Gertrude Lawrence, with the , turns herself into Doris Gow, the slatternly nagging wife

d Oak—*"It'll have to be a very*
ur mind—you can't afford much"

"Cold ham—what *a surprise"*

Right:
"I think Elsie's awful*"*

Wilhelm Backhaus

A Great German Pianist

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Backhaus played twice at the Queen's Hall two weeks ago, giving a recital on January 28th and appearing as soloist in the Royal Philharmonic concert two nights later. He has a great following in England, though the critics don't always agree about him: for some he's too dynamic, for some his playing is too dry and brittle, and over his qualities as a Brahms or Beethoven interpreter there's a further disalignment of opinion. He is, anyway, a fine classical pianist, with a long career of success: he was an infant prodigy at four, a Leipsic Conservatoire pupil at ten, had a repertoire of three hundred works when he was sixteen, and since then has played all over the world and with practically every famous orchestra. He was piano professor at the Manchester College of Music in 1905 (when he was twenty-one), a lance-corporal in the German Army during the War, lives now at Lugano, in Switzerland, plays keen bridge, and has probably smaller hands than any pianist with a world reputation

"Bystander" Short Story No. 24

Splendid Isolation

by Stephen Moore

"ALL those pacts!" Henry whispered fervently, "damned waste of time; and as for collective security—"

The two largest acrobats laid paws on their blonde partner; now they had her by her slender hands and feet; callously they swung her to and fro, but the brave creature continued to smile royally.

"There's nothing for it but a policy of guts," went on Henry warmly, "we've got to do something drastic!"

The acrobats had; they'd let go of the blonde. From the human sling she flew through the air, straight at the third and puniest of her colleagues. He caught her on three finger-tips, spun her round a little above his head, and inverted her upon it. Blowing kisses to the ceiling, her yellow curls hanging over his dark eyes, she was carried off.

"And then," Henry was quite unmoved, "then there's this bloody Abyssinian business." Excitedly one of his knees bumped the table; with a noise of lutes, ice-cubes clinked in our glasses. Fatigued capitalists clucked at us through the half-light.

The curtain went up on the big sensation—the Persian Slave Market number. A Levantine rumba-champion, with hennaed beard and emerald turban, was a voluptuous Commander of the Faithful. Two coloured tap-dancers had stripped to be his Nubian deaf-mutes; a Chicago wisecracker had turned into the bawdiest slave-dealer in all Islam.

Sixteen tall grey parcels were brought on. In a riot of Rimsky-Korsakov and wisecracks, Eddie Lamprey's Glamorous Girls were slowly unpacked. I had last seen them on Cannes station, flaunting the sun-tan and diamonds they had gained by the warm sea. But to-night their coy bodies were paler than their curls, bore nothing more costly than black lace; even with that Mr. Lamprey had been little short of stingy.

Saxophones squealed, and the girls began their act. Four curved lusciously against striped columns, smiling with slightly vacant abandon; the other twelve slid forward, softly gyrating a train of gears that inflexibly churned out a frisson. I looked about. The machine was working well, its only failure was Henry. He hadn't even noticed. With edged phrases, he was hacking his way through the Gran Chaco.

Next came a soft-shoe dance, on steps, by two very young coloured boys in monkey jackets that seemed yellow beside their flashing teeth. Henry was back in Middle Europe.

"It's all very fine, but what, I'd like to know, are you going to do with Czechoslovakia?"

(Concluded on page 272)

Sketch by Clark Fay

Henry hadn't even noticed. With edged phrases, he was hacking his way through the Gran Chaco

Miss Pamela Nicholl

Is even better-looking than her sister, who is still Mrs. Rose Horlick, though she divorced some years ago. Tall and radiant, mondaine is Pamela's adjective

Miss Susan Bligh

Susan Bligh is très en vue daughter of Earl of Darnley's artist brother, who was in the Rifle Brigade and is an Adonis. Briefly engaged to rich Tongo

Miss Jane Falcke

Was suddenly taken up in '35 by a Mayfair section like the Charles girls were years before. In her case, father Captain Shirley Falcke (late Blues) provided background. Very pretty girl

Miss Rosario Scrope

Is always smilingly racing, so we show her sunbathing frowningly for contrast. Her personality's pleasing, her pedigree impressive. Will marry a R.C., of course

Miss Irene Cholmondeley

Irene Cholmondeley, twenty-three this year, is Lord George Cholmondeley's only child by his first wife, an American. Normal steadfast expression is a little sad. Attractive and mature

"Always be nice to

AND WHO

A Selection of

Miss Beatrice Baker

Has several sisters, of which she is the leader — racing, dancing, hunt-balling, point-to-pointing. Typical English Juno, tall, fair, plump, orthodox

Miss Marie Symons-Jeune

Left: Marie Symons-Jeune, with round face and pastel colouring, was admired at debut two years ago. Revolves with Peta Davies and Eileen Watson, but is less sophisticated. Nice girl

girls ; you never know who they will become"
(The late Lady Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

WILL THESE BECOME?

Spinsters From Every Set : No. 6

The Hon. Patricia St. Clair

Is a darling. Plump, with reddish curls, and a perfect disposition. Lots of friends. Likes outdoor life in Scotland and will make ideal chatelaine later on

Miss Peggy Douglas

Peggy Douglas of Mains (the "of" is operative in Scotland) has a matronly sister married to wealthy Glaswegian resident in Lanarkshire. A soldier would suit her

Miss Susan Lowndes

Susan Lowndes, whose mother is Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, has Kultur and a highbrow circle to match it. Sister married an earl (Iddesleigh) so sister Susie may

Miss Diana Wynyard

Diana Wynyard, a beautiful young woman and a great actress, is humorous, tender, intelligent. We admire her discretion and hope when she marries it will be to live happily ever after

The Hon. Charlotte Stourton

Rarely reaches London, never misses Ascot or Classics. Divine sense of humour and complexion. Related to entire Catholic nobility. Belongs by upbringing to a different century

Miss Marion Burrell

Has twice been engaged in the "Times" to peers' heirs. A great heiress, a good dresser, and a dear person, she leads strict Scotch country life. Deserves luck

Miss Rosemary Kerr

Left : Rosemary Kerr and elder sister Alix have avoided matrimony so far. Daughters of Admiral Mark Kerr, they belong to the Lothian family. Great Catholic stronghold. Rosie's widely travelled, very amusing, and a friend of Jessica Cornelius

Right : Julie Dutton, whose uncles include the Earl of Sherborne and Sir Duncan Hay, Bt., was shy and unforthcoming at first. Now makes best of original dark looks and willowy figure. Manages Edinburgh dress shop ; aged twenty last year

Miss Julie Dutton

Splendid Isolation

(Continued from page 269)

I felt guilty, as if I had the Capek brothers going stale in my pocket. Henry didn't stay for an answer. He knew it, anyway.

The girls appeared again, unblushing Aphrodites in a foam of balloons. A Nordic couple pranced through a healthy rumba. Henry went springing from crazy dictatorship to shabby monarchy, and on to corrupt republic.

The cabaret churned to its finale—"Starlight and You In Old Vienna." A glutinous waltz was slowly squeezed from the fiddle, and the entire company began to revolve. The men's clothes were Beidermeyer all right, but stocks and ruffles were annihilated by the heads. No majestic brows, curvetting locks, but smooth, thick heads of obedient American hair growing halfway down the narrow foreheads. The women naturally were better; shoulders sprang from décolletages like the white quilted arms of some sofa that Baudelaire once lolled on.

The music paused; one of the narrow-browed young men stepped forward: "Gentlemen," he informed us, "to-night you have an unique opportunity of dancing with the most beautiful girls in the whole world! Let's get going!"

A few aspirants came sheepishly forward; the table quivered slightly, I looked round; Henry was gone. With the violence of a rocket he had shot up on to the stage, was already waltzing with a girl, his delicate moustache no longer bristled for Rumanian minorities, but for soft, blonde beauty. He was waltzing very gracefully.

The dance neared its end; gradually the dancers were borne to the back of the stage, were lost behind the descending curtain. The lights went up, and the stage sank down, and all over the room thin jets of laughter were released.

A few minutes later the suède curtain quivered, and a florid, stockbrokerish face popped slily through. There were cat-calls and hunting cries from a couple of tables, those who had waltzed with the Glamorous Girls swaggered gradually back to their parties—but still no sign of Henry. Suddenly he reappeared, not through the curtain, but by the main door. A plume of hair stood up from his sleek head and his bow was askew. He had somehow the air of a raffish young Cairn and seemed very pleased with himself. He brought, swaying above him, the most luscious of the girls.

"I want you to meet," he said, jauntily avoiding my eye, "a very new and very dear friend of mine—Miss Marlene Longfellow. I thought we might, perhaps, have one more slight tipple and then all go places."

"Sounds a pretty swell idea," said Miss Longfellow.

In her way she was magnificent, slanting brown eyes, high cheek-bones, a lovely, if hard-boiled, mouth. Her figure, I remembered, had enchanted me in the Persian number, and now it was dressed I tried hard to recognise it—an inverted, unnatural process.

"Isn't she exquisite," said Henry proudly, tidying his moustache. "The whole show through, Marlene, I couldn't keep my eyes off you, but I hadn't a hope you'd accept my invitation."

"You're a great kidder, aren't you, Henry? But, listen, baby, honestly now, which of our numbers did you like best?"

"I was crazy about them all," said Henry vaguely.

"I know, I know, but let's put it this way. Which did you find least lousy?"

Poor Henry looked worried. I couldn't let this determined beauty knock the stuffing out of him. It was time to come to the rescue.

"Don't you think, Henry?" I interrupted, "she's terribly like Daphne Whimple? Much better, of course, but terribly like."

Henry looked carefully at her. "Yes, she is, come to think of it. But Daphne never had so much charm." His tone changed. "Talking of Daphne, have you seen Mike Stobart since he got back?"

"Where from?"

"Why from Russian Turkestan, of course. He tells me the situation there's quite fantastic. The Soviet authorities, it appears——"

Henry was off again; I tried to stop him, but it was no use. The talk rolled on in a majestic column of information and ideas.

I felt almost sorry for Marlene Longfellow; she obviously thought that Henry's speech couldn't last longer than an elderly banker's dissertation on the New Deal. She sat peacefully waiting for the conversation to come back to the subject of her own person; but as the minutes went unsatisfactorily by, she grew hungry for attention. Henry, vaguely aware that she wanted something, threw an order over his shoulder for caviare and more champagne.

For a moment she cheered up, but continued neglect was getting her down. Piece by piece, she clicked the jewellery on her pretty arms, made up her face again and again; I tried to speak to her, but somehow it was impossible. Then Henry paused to drink some champagne, and she felt her chance had come. She shut her gold make-up box with a slap. "So *what*?" she asked dramatically.

But her lips had hardly come to rest before Henry was away again, settling the Trans-Baikal provinces.

She didn't try any more. Instead, she began to send notes to some friends across the room. She drank another glass of wine, then, just as Henry was coming back to Europe by way of the Black Earth Region—"Aw, nuts!" she cried with some violence, and left us.

I felt for her. Henry was talking now about Memel. The situation there, he said, was fraught with unpleasant possibilities.

THE END.

"Why, Mrs. Van Snoot, I nearly didn't see you"

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There will be many occasions when this charming dinner frock will meet with success, as it has a certain dignity and grace which is very becoming. It is carried out in black crêpe Romain, and may be seen in the model gowns salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The skirt is draped over the hips and slightly flared at the hem, while the corsage is cut low back and front. There is, however, a yoke of black cellophane lace which is also used for the floating sleeves. A swathed belt fastened with a diamanté clip encircles the waist. Many of the evening frocks in these salons are accompanied by short tailored jackets which are easily discarded, and though trains continue, they are decidedly shorter. Pleating of every description is another new note, which is frequently introduced in sleeves and skirts

Dover Street Studios

Tailored Lines and Fancy Stitches

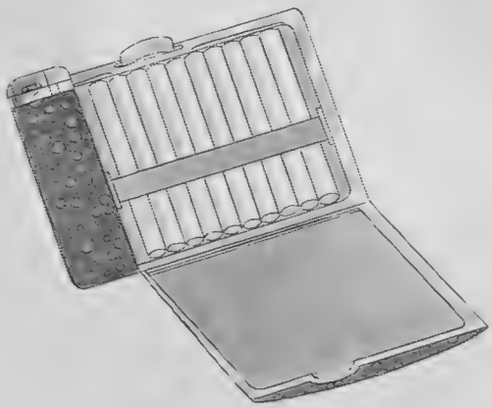
No wardrobe is complete without several jumpers, especially at this time of year, when they are practical for wearing with tweeds in the country. The trio pictured on this page come from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. Wavy stripes distinguish the one above, which is knitted in fine wool and gives the impression of having been turned inside out, since the reverse side of the stitch shows. The collar and ribbing are plain. If preferred, it can be worn slightly rucked without a belt. The seated figure on the right is wearing a hand-knitted Austrian jumper in bouclé wool, with a basket weave. It has a double collar which is out of the ordinary, and the price is 59s. 6d. Below it is a cardigan jumper in grey alpaca wool, with chromium buttons and a turn-back collar. It has a neat, tailored appearance, and costs 55s. This firm specialise in clothes for sports and country wear that have an individuality of their own. For golf, there are chamois-leather waistcoats which slip over the head and fasten at the sides. These are particularly good, as they are not only wind-proof, but very light, and only cost 55s. There are also heavier types of waistcoats for 3½ guineas, which button down the front and have four pockets. They are sleeveless, but very warm and highly to be recommended for motoring

Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

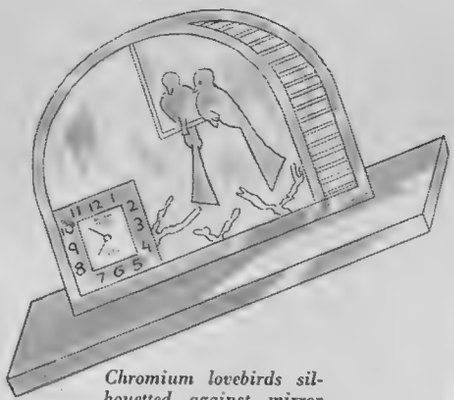
There are always a certain number of extreme hats at the beginning of every season, and this is a particularly smart one from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. It is carried out in black felt with curled edges, and numerous osprey fronds, each one sewn on separately

One of the newest coiffures created by Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, is seen on the left. Front view, the hair is piled in loose curls on the crown and temples, while across the back it is softly waved in an upward curve, with just the ends curled

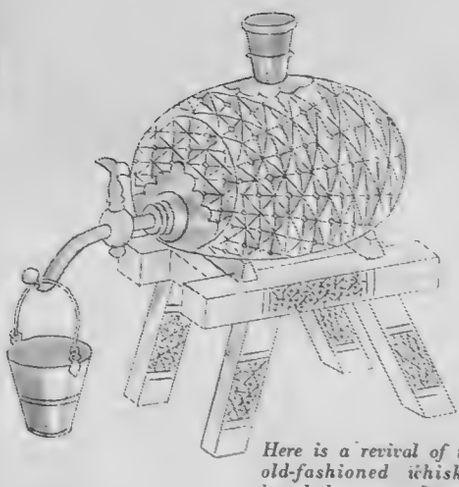


A cigarette-case and lighter combined is always a welcome gift. The one on the left is made of imitation shagreen, and is easily carried as it is absolutely flat. It will hold ten cigarettes or more, and may be seen at Maison Francis, where it costs 27s. 6d.

Ciré satin blouses with flared basques are a new note at Fenwick's. The one pictured below on the left costs 49s. 6d., and is available in several shades, including black and mauve. The forage cap which accompanies it may also be seen in these salons. It is of black felt with a white lacquered quill



Chromium lovebirds silhouetted against mirror glass form an original background to this clock from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. The clock itself has an eight-day movement, and is thoroughly reliable



Here is a revival of the old-fashioned whisky-barrel decanter. It may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, in fine cut-glass with silver-plated fittings

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A One-Sided Shooting Match

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. BRUCE MARSHALL opens his new novel, *Canon to Right of Them* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), with a page of explanation of what the book is about. This page, which is entitled, "Author's five rounds rapid at reader at command of Sergeant Gollancz," is a very petulant piece of writing. In fact, it comes under the heading of the old nursery rhyme as a cross-patch. The gist of it is, so far as I can make out, that Mr. Marshall is so strong a believer in religion that he is allowed to laugh at it. If you will not laugh with him, you have niggled "religion into an unreality that can only be mooned about," and are a blasphemer. Very well. That is a perfectly clear and frank statement. But I must confess that I found, as I read the novel, that the clearness, and more especially the frankness, rapidly began to wane. For Mr. Marshall seems to do most of his laughing not at religion at all, but at the Anglican clergy, while his hero is a Catholic canon, and is presumably the gentleman of the title who is always "to right of them."

If I have made a mistake about this, I apologise in advance to Mr. Marshall, and defend myself by falling back upon the unfortunate and misleading "five rounds rapid."

The main non-clerical characters are two actresses of peculiar morals, a young man who drinks a prodigious amount, a gentleman of great charm called Dogsbody who drinks even more, another gentleman who owns a music-hall and who drinks most of all, and that is about the lot. The rest are parsons of various ranks who do the wildest things and get into the most ludicrous scrapes, except, of course, the Catholic canon who is a perfect darling. The effect is very much as if Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown was dumped down among a whole lot of clergymen like the Private Secretary. The fun is certainly fast and furious, and a great deal of the dialogue is extraordinarily amusing, especially when Dogsbody is on the scene. Indeed, treated as a pure and simple farce, *Canon to Right of Them* is as good a knock-about turn as you are likely to meet. But I think it might have been even funnier if Mr. Marshall had not been so aggressively determined to assert his right to hurl sarcasm at Anglican prelates. Personally I am not in the slightest bit shocked by him. Only I feel that Trollope was a good deal funnier on the same subject. But that is blasphemy, perhaps.

MR. J. E. PILE has written a gorgeous book of adventure in *Unlawful Occasions* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). There is no new-fangled subtlety or pyschology about it. It makes no pretence to be anything but what it is, a rattling good yarn. The scene is laid in the one-horse port of a one-horse Republic of South America. The local cut-throats learn by chance that a ship has been wrecked on some near-by rocks and that it contains a secret cargo of silver. The only way to get to the wreck and steal the silver is first of all to steal a ship, and there are only two available ships in the port, the Government steamer and a small British cargo-steamer. The cut-throats decide on the latter. They lure all the crew ashore except the two essential experts, the navigator and the chief engineer, and off they go. The British crew come back to the quay and find their ship mysteriously gone. Without any hesitation they start to smash up the town and naturally all land in jail. On getting out of jail, they are ordered to leave the country. Quite undaunted by misfortune, they take to piracy themselves and steal the Government steamer and go off in pursuit of their own ship, ultimately recapturing it after a most exciting chase. *Unlawful Occasions* is capital, roaring fun from start to finish. Doped drink, uppercuts, corrupt officialdom, thieves, and a most amusing crowd of ordinary British seamen, mingle in a grand medley of adventure for boys, young and old.

Ben Travers, Wife and Daughter

Ben Travers is walking between his wife and daughter on the Majestic, bound for New York and then Jamaica. Mr. Travers is the creator of characters made famous on stage or screen by Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Robertson Hare, and the rest of the Aldwych people. From "A Cuckoo in the Nest," way back in '25, to his latest film, "Foreign Affaires," Ben Travers's farces have been dramatic best-sellers. He lives at Rothamsted Lodge, near Harpenden

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR'S "Reminiscences of the Stage through Sixty-Five Years" is published by Chapman and Hall under the title of *From Phelps to Gielgud* (15s.). It is just over seventy years ago that the decisive event took place which founded the modern British drama, the coming together of the Bancrofts in theatrical management and Tom Robertson in theatrical authorship, so it will be seen that Sir George covers the whole period of development except the first five years.

He can describe for us the first night of *Diplomacy* in 1878 when the European situation, full of plots, intrigues, and international suspicions, made Sardou's masterpiece highly topical; he can tell us that of all England only Matthew Arnold refused to allow that Bernhardt was the equal of Rachel; he can tell us of the art of Dame Madge Kendal and of the beauty of Mary Anderson, of the dramatic skill of Pinero. There is a charming chapter of appreciation of Charles Hawtrey, and another wise one about the critics of to-day. But Sir George comes back to Bernhardt in the end, "the greatest artist whom three generations have looked upon."

OTHER novels which might well be put upon library lists are: Mr. Frederick Niven's *Old Soldier* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), an admirable, quiet, simple tale about the workmen in a jeweller's shop in Edinburgh, told in Mr. Niven's unassuming style. It is less a novel than a series of delightful little character-sketches of humble folk. Then there is Salman Schneour's book about Jewish life in a pre-War Russian village. It is called *Noah Pandre* (Lovat Dickson and Thompson; 7s. 6d.), and is well worth reading if only for its originality of setting. A third is Mr. George Woden's *Othersmith* (Hutchinsons; 7s. 6d.). It, too, is not exciting, but it is interesting and well-written. And, lastly, you will get your money's worth out of *Joshua Todd* (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), by Mr. Fulton Oursler, because it is an enormously long novel of the slow leisurely type to which the hustling, bustling citizens of the United States are so strangely addicted. It rambles on about the life of the poor white stock in the Southern States, and about life in New York. The hero's trouble is that he is somewhat apt to be dominated by the various women with whom he comes in contact, but the novel is none the worse for that!

A Hollywood Dancing Lesson

The dance teacher is Agnes de Mille and the pupil is Norma Shearer, and the reason is "Romeo and Juliet," which M.-G.-M. are filming with Miss Shearer as Juliet. Agnes de Mille, Cecil B. de Mille's niece, is one of Hollywood's experts on period and national dancing; she made a study of mediæval and Renaissance dance music when she was in Europe two years ago and is not only teaching Norma Shearer her steps but arranging the dances for five hundred performers in the vast spectacle that's being made of Capulet's feast. Leslie Howard, who teamed with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," is playing Romeo to her Juliet; John Barrymore is Mercutio, Edna May Oliver is the Nurse. George Cukor, who translated "David Copperfield" into screen terms, is directing; the picture went into production some weeks ago

Charlie Chaplin's Face Still Has to Speak For Itself in His New Silent Film, "Modern Times"—

Gamin and Gamine

Dressed up to the eyebrows, Charlie Chaplin walks out with Paulette Goddard; he is wanted by the police, she by the welfare workers

"Modern Times"

At Last, Charlie Chaplin's New Film Is In London, Brought by the Berengaria

YESTERDAY at the Tivoli was shown the first new Charlie Chaplin film for five years. *Modern Times* is no break from the Chaplin tradition. It is non-talking; it introduces a new leading lady in the person of Paulette Goddard; Mr. Chaplin wrote it, directed it, and produced it. He also composed some of the incidental music, designed the sets and sings the only (unintelligible) song. *Modern Times* shows Charlie in his typical part of a pathetic laughable scrap of humanity, tossed between the cogs of a machine age—in and out of work, in and out of jail, in and out of trouble. Paulette Goddard is the dockside waif who shares Charlie's adventures; the film ends in true Chaplin manner, as the funny little man and the sweet little girl march off side by side into even more modern times

The Team That

The New York première of "Modern celebrities in the audience and such issued to clear the jam. After that the

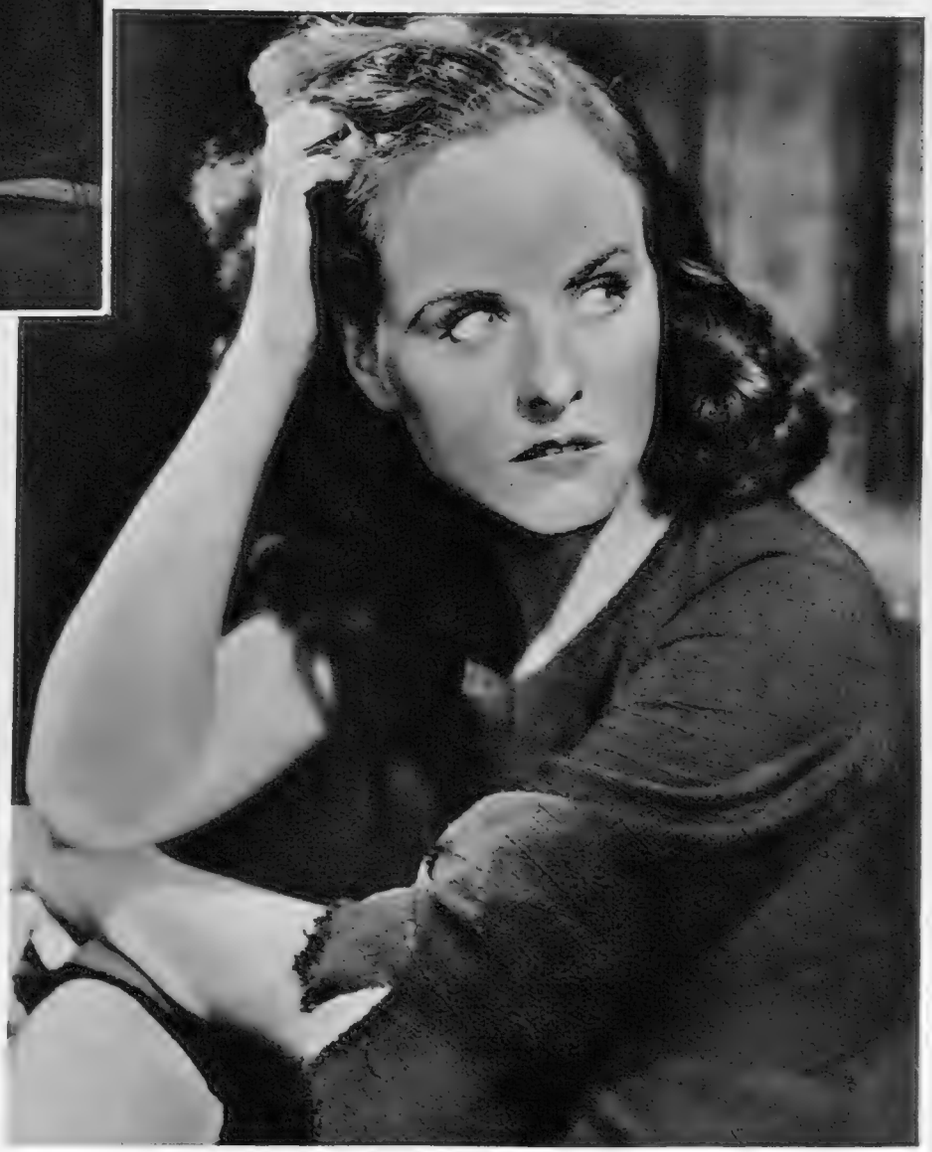
First Since "City Lights" in 1931

Started a New York Riot Call

Times" took place a week ago, with a crowd of mob of celebrity-hunters outside that a riot call was Rivoli reception was reported an all-laughing one

Old Brothers - in - Slapstick

Chester Conklin, one of the Chaplin Old Gang of Slapstick partners, is the bespattered mechanic attacked by the gangster with a grease-gun. Overcome by the monotony of making bolts, Charlie goes berserk and makes a bolt for freedom



The New Leading Lady

Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's leading lady in "Modern Times," was originally a Ziegfield Follies dancer; she is twenty-five, went to Hollywood four years ago, and had hardly set foot on the star ladder when Chaplin catapulted her to fame by making her his new heroine

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

An International Respite

Obolensky Lengthens His Stride—

Above: Obolensky (Oxford University) puts on his famous lengthened stride as he is about to be tackled; but not in time, for (right) Chapman (Richmond) gets his arm round the flying Prince's leg. Richmond beat the Dark Blue XV. by 20 points to 3

—But Chapman Just Gets Him

Cambridge Blues and Welsh caps all three, W. Wooller (Rydal and Christ's), Cliff Jones (Llandovery and Clare), and A. M. Rees (Llandovery and St. Catherine's), played a big part in defeating Scotland by 13 points to 3 in the Murrayfield match

NEXT Saturday we have a blessed respite from international affairs, and I feel that I should like to go to some pleasant little ground, and stand on the touch-line and watch a game of Rugby football between teams whose names have yet to appear in the newspapers.

Apart from the apparent sentimentality of this aspiration, it would be far more agreeable to watch from the touch-line and see something of the game than it will be to climb the steep ascent to Heaven on Saturday week at Murrayfield, and peer down from the press-box, which is tucked away at the very top of a very tall stand.

MURRAYFIELD, indeed, is not an easy ground for the spectator, though I do not complain of that especially. I only suggest humbly that it is time the Scottish Union modernised their car-park, and provided more than one narrow bridge whereby cars may approach or leave it. It would not cost a great deal to widen the poor little existing bridge, or even to build other bridges over the burn, and it would be money well spent. What is more, the Scottish Union could well afford it.

I hope, at any rate, that when I have reached the ground and my lofty perch, I shall see as fine a game between Scotland and Ireland as the one between Scotland and Wales. For the moment, my faith in international football is restored, if it is possible to restore a faith which was never noticeably strong. Wales played grand football, and obligingly wiped out the memories of that sterile encounter with England at Swansea.

IN my opinion, Cliff Jones is now a great player. I say it thus tentatively, because my standards of comparison do not stretch way back into the fabled golden eras of the game, and yet really good judges who can make the appropriate balancing of virtues agree with this estimate. And, upon my word, however good the great stand-off halves of the past may have been, not one of them, I 'll warrant, was quicker or more elusive than Jones at his best.

Jones was at his best against Scotland, and the unhappy Shaw had a busy and somewhat fruitless afternoon trying to hold a ghost. The point I wish to emphasise, though, is not so much Jones's acknowledged brilliance, as the fact that at last he has a scrum-half who can give him his chances.

I am prepared to prophesy—how rash this is!—that the combination of Jones and Tanner will make as big a name for itself as any other combination of half-backs in Welsh history, and that is saying something. Tanner is already a beautiful player, although he cannot yet have matured, and doubtless he will acquire many wiles as the years go by. But his pass from the scrummage is perfect, and he sends Jones off at full speed, a good thing to see.

EQUALLY good to see is the way Wooller is at hand when Jones does dart away, and the try which Wooller scored at Murrayfield was only made possible by a remarkable understanding between scrum-half, stand-off half, and centre. It was the sort of try which the All Blacks would have appreciated—the short, sharp pass to Jones, the swift burst, the pass to Wooller with the defence half broken, and then that terrific burst of speed which carried Wooller striding through and inevitably over.

I FANCY that Jones has learnt more from the All Blacks than most of his contemporaries. There are some obscurantists, I know, who will argue that there was nothing we need learn from New Zealand, but there they are, I submit, sadly mistaken. There is always something to learn from a touring team, and the wise man assimilates his lessons.

ONE other point about this Wales and Scotland match, and again it is a general observation which enables you to forgive me for the sin of harking back instead of looking forward. It is that we were reminded of the vital importance of good refereeing in a game where the will to win is so prominent as it always must be in international football.

C. H. Gadney refereed at Murrayfield, and he was most commendably firm about all infringements in and around the scrummage. He gave a lot of penalty kicks, it is true, but he did control the game, and as a result the football did not deteriorate into a miserable scramble. As soon as players realise that a referee will stand no nonsense, they cut out the funny stuff, and get down to the game, and that is as it should be. Weak refereeing is at the bottom of most of our troubles—not bad refereeing, but just downright weak handling of keen games. I suppose the purist will say that Rugby football players do not need to be controlled, but that is nonsense, and human nature is human nature, even on the Rugby football field. Our referees need a little more of the iron fist in the velvet glove about their methods, and when they use the fist, let them swing a good crack with it.

THIS will appear just too late for any anticipation of England's game with Ireland at Dublin, but by the time you read it we shall have decided views about the English forwards. If, with Kendrew hooking and Wheatley in the front row instead of Nicholson, they have held their own against that rampageous Irish pack, we shall pass them with an alpha plus. If, on the other hand, they fade away, a Scotsman will take half-a-crown off me in due course.

Major Sir John Aird

Left: Sir John Aird was out with the Quorn when they met at Keyham. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and was one of the two Equerries appointed to the King when he was Prince of Wales. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1934

Right: two pillars of the National Government, Lord Stanley and Capt. Euan Wallace, spent their last Saturday before Parliament reassembled hunting with the Cottesmore from Pickwell

Lord Stanley and Captain Euan Wallace

They Went Hunting

With the Quorn and Cottesmore

Mr. John and Lady Catherine Ramsden

Were at Pickwell when the Cottesmore met there lately. Lady Catherine Ramsden is Lord and Lady Ancaster's elder daughter, and married Sir John Ramsden's elder son last year

Lady Carnarvon and Mrs. Buist

Right: Lady Carnarvon went on foot to the Quorn Nether Broughton meet, the last fixture before frost set in for the week; she is with Mrs. Colin Buist

Another Quorn Trio

Miss Primula Rollo went with her mother, Lady Kathleen Rollo, to the Quorn meet at Keyham; they are talking to Captain Gerard Leigh

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Varsity Match, Past and Present

The Cambridge Captain

J. S. L. Lyon (Uppingham and Trinity Hall) captains the Cambridge golf side for 1935-6. He recently won the German Amateur Championship at Bad Ems

Oxford's Secretary and Captain

Left: Bobby de Quincey, secretary to the O.U.G.C., is with his captain, Antony Duncan. Both are Rugbeians. Duncan beat the Cambridge first string at Rye—an augur for the Varsity match on March 24th

Left-Handed Light Blue

Percy Lucas (Stowe and Pembroke) returns to the Cambridge side after six months with an injured wrist. He is left-handed, and was Boy Champion in '33

THE first golf match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was played on Wimbledon Common in 1878. In 1908, play by matches was introduced for the first time; the matches consisted of 36 holes, and extra holes were not played in the event of a halved match.

In 1914, after halved matches in the two preceding years, it was decided to play teams of nine a side and play all matches to a finish. This method gave Oxford a victory in 1914 by 5 matches to 4. In 1921 it was decided to increase the teams to ten a side, and play foursomes as well as singles. The record Oxford victory took place in 1900, at Royal St. George's, the result being 69 holes to nil. Oxford's side included such well-known players as Humphrey Ellis, T. M. Hunter, F. H. Mitchell, J. A. T. Bramston, and H. W. Beveridge. The strength of this side can be realised easily when it is seen that Bramston played No. 6, and Beveridge No. 7. The biggest Cambridge victory was in 1905, when the match was played for the first time at Sunningdale, the margin being 52 holes to 3.

IT is hardly possible to imagine a closer match than that of 1896, played on Wimbledon Common; play at that time was, it should be remembered, by holes. The match was halved, each side having won the ridiculously small number for this type of match, of 4 holes; in the individual matches, 3 were halved, Oxford won 3 matches by 2 holes, 1 hole, and 1 hole, and Cambridge 2 matches by 3 holes and 1 hole. B. Darwin, the late Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, led Cambridge, and won a valuable hole for his side.

These matches have been played continually since 1878, to the present date, with the exception of the year 1881, and the years of the war. In 1898 snow interfered with play, and some players ceased play and returned to the club house, only to be sent out again, when the weather conditions improved slightly, by zealous captains.

YOU may have heard of players arriving on the 1st tee in a dinner-jacket on the Continent, when they have been delayed at a Casino, owing to circumstances over which they have no control, but not in this country. In 1898 one player, on being sent out again, played in the snow in a dinner-jacket and overcoat, and, moreover, added to the lead he had amassed before play was stopped. Like a sensible man, he had returned to his hotel, bathed and changed for dinner, when he got the message that he had to continue his match at once; his opponent, who had been sitting about in damp clothes, was stiff, and consequently had little chance of playing a proper game.

We can conclude that better results can be obtained in dry clothes.

IN 1904 at Woking, there was a very close match, Oxford winning by 14 holes to 12, and it would have been even closer if C. H. Alison had not decided to play his ball from the roof of the club house. Alison pulled his second to the 18th hole on to the roof of the club house. An argument arose as to whether the ball was "out of bounds" or not; after studying the local rules, Alison decided he was entitled to play the ball, and calling for a ladder, climbed on to the roof, where he found the ball, in his opinion, "lying well"; he played it off the roof, and obtained a half in 5, at a time when the result of the match was in the balance and a single hole of great value to his side.

AS a general rule, reasonable weather has been experienced for the inter-Varsity golf matches, but as I have just related, snow fell in 1898; in 1926, when the match was played at Burnham, it was so cold that most of the players wore gloves and some even overcoats, while in 1930, at Hoylake, the course was waterlogged.

In 1930, the two captains invented rules of their own, and allowed balls to be lifted from casual water in a hazard without penalty. It was unfortunate that neither of these captains had played in the President's Putter at Rye, earlier that year, as the bunkers there were all full of water, and they would have realised that these conditions do not make it necessary to alter the rules of the game. The captains had been elected to lead their respective Universities at the game of golf, and not a game of their own invention; they were quite entitled to ask the local Green Committee to make special rules for the existing conditions, or to deem the course unplayable, but certainly not to take the making of local rules into their own hands. Many old University golfers were disgusted with the decision of these two captains, and some even suggested that the result of the match be expunged from the records; if Oxford had not won after a series of defeats, this most probably would have been done.

WHEN the result was by holes and not by matches, on three occasions, the side that won the least matches won the match. In 1883 Oxford won by 15 holes to 13, and won 3 matches to Cambridge's 4; in 1890, Cambridge won by 18 holes to 14, and won 3 matches to Oxford's 4; in 1907, the last occasion on which the match was played by holes, Cambridge won by 23 holes to 2, and won 2 matches to Oxford's 4.

I am not at all sure that a return to play by holes instead of matches would not result in the better side winning on more occasions. This method also permits a team having an outstanding player to benefit considerably more by his prowess, places more responsibility on the individual players, and on many occasions would afford more enjoyment to the spectators and more excitement.

Golf Clubs at Home

Stoneham Club, Bassett, Southampton

A View of the Club-house

(1) J. Willis Fleming (president). (2) C. F. Hiscock (hon. treas.), S. E. Wall (captain), and F. V. Hamblyn (ex-captain). (3) P. S. J. Bishop (committee member) and A. J. L. Hill (ex-president). (4) F. D. Hooley, W. N. Calland, and E. J. Taylor (committee members). (5) Dr. D. D. F. Macintyre (ex-captain) and M. H. Pugh. (6) E. C. Waller and F. S. Thatcher (committee members). (7) Dr. Dear (committee member) and Peter Millar. (8) H. Pentelow (secretary) and F. C. Carter (ex-committee member). (9) P. S. Harding, E. W. Dancy, D. V. Kimber, and Dr. Campbell. (10) G. Kirby (professional) and A. W. Murray

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

Women's Golf:

Amateurs for Ever

By Eleanor E. Helme

On the Downward Path

The caddie looks anxious, but Mrs. Ricardo and Mrs. Emery lead firmly past the danger notice at Tenby Course, Wales

A Choice for Poona Golfers

The sinister signpost at Poona, India, gives the local golf club member a choice between mental or moral regeneration

Dear Bystander—

The other day on the wireless, somebody sang that grand old song, with the refrain (these are quite the wrong terms, for it is in the classic manner) "Things are as they were," which proceeds to "Neither side 's a winner, for things, etc." They keep on running in my head now, when I am trying to tell you about the cogitations of the Ladies' Golf Union annual general meeting, only I ought to stop with the first phrase. Things are certainly as they were, but you cannot possibly say that neither side won, for actually the upholders (as they believe) of conservative amateurism, defeated the upholders (as they believe) of equally true amateurism, mixed with progress, by a vote which was in the proportion of about ten to one. A very heavy defeat, certainly, for the progressives, who the other party call in private, no doubt, revolutionists and iconoclasts. I shall not tell you what the progressives call the conservatives; perhaps it is only my own name for them, and therefore of no account whatever.

I hope that doesn't sound as if the meeting were violent, abusive or ill-tempered. Far from it. The chairman, Lady Denman, said it had been more peaceable than she had dared hope, and everybody must have murmured under their breath: "That was entirely due to your simply admirable chairmanship." Truly, I never saw anybody so splendid at letting everybody, of every shade of opinion, have their say, and what is more, their laugh. The Queen Mary Hall of the Y.W.C.A. fairly rang with laughter, thoroughly good-tempered, all of it. It kept the meeting in a good mood, of course, that for once delegates could hear every word that was said; there is nothing so irritating as not knowing what is going on, and this year there were no complaints on that head.

We got well away with a rush at the start. Minutes, report of the Executive, treasurer's statement, re-election of all officials, a few alterations of wording to rules, all this was through in half an hour, with no more than unanimous deletion of five words. Then a little trouble over who was the real ruling body in the L.G.U., but only one dissentient vote, and before twelve we had got our teeth well into this mighty question of whether the Championship should be open to professionals as well as amateurs, and whether professional members of affiliated clubs as well as amateur ones should be allowed to gain L.G.U. handicaps.

I say "we," but, of course, the Press may not speak. We sit dumb, though by no means deaf, and only our notebooks and each other guess by an underline, or an occasional "sic" or "rot" in the margin, what we really think of the arguments it is our business to retail or review.

The defeat of the progressives, represented mainly by Miss H. V. Smith and a Surrey group, Mrs. Hutchinson and her Suffolk supporters, and Mrs. Philip Hodson, who will be chairman of the Executive for 1936, was due to the very emphatic speeches of Miss Doris Clark, who as chairman, naturally held great sway, and a whole body of supporters, of whom Miss Lloyd Williams, Miss Huleatt, and finally Mrs. Lewis Smith stood out. They played on every chord, they pulled out the sentimental stop, they put down the conservative pedal, and they swept the hall off its feet. Ten to one is a heavy defeat. But the progressives will no doubt live to fight another day.

Both sides believe very passionately that they are right. And both, strange as it sounds, are fighting desperately to keep women's golf really clean. The progressives believe the L.G.U. can best do so by recognising professionals as such; keeping them within the L.G.U. fold, under its jurisdiction and control; the conservatives think to accomplish that best by leaving them outside the pale, to shift for themselves, or form their own organisation, a forlorn little organisation of at most five individuals.

Well, well. Britain is a free land. We can all go on thinking and arguing, only do let us all remember that nobody, and, equally, no body, can go on wielding power unless they are prepared with new measures for new conditions. The world of 1936 is a very different one to that of 1893, in which the L.G.U., to the lasting benefit of all golfers, was founded. That is what we have all got to face up to, or find ourselves pushed aside.

Mrs. Hodson, and her mention of the grand team she had taken out to New Zealand and Australia, got a great ovation, as they and she richly deserved. She spoke with real feeling of the enormously warm Empire spirit fostered by the tour, far exceeding anything she had ever dreamt of: the team had done much for that, as well as for the golf of the Dominions. They had been received by the Governor of every Dominion visited; they had been welcomed by every club, however small or large, within miles, and the individual kindnesses heaped upon them surpassed all description.

Splendid hearing, and splendid to know that Mrs. Hodson will bring all that wide experience to the chairmanship of the L.G.U. Executive. Each chairman brings something. Miss D. I. Clark, the retiring one, has contributed untiring energy and a great sense of justice, so that no personal convictions, however strong, have been allowed to prevent a fair hearing for the other side. The L.G.U. have much to thank her for, and thank her they did at the annual general meeting. She had earned it.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE
LONDON'S FOREMOST FASHION SPECIALISTS

say

"Be Bold"

WHEN YOU CHOOSE your spring suit, be smart and hoose a checked or plaid acket—and let your checks e bold—bold as brass!

HE SUIT with the cutaway jacket collared with the plain material of the irt is made in black/oyster, brown/yster, navy/oyster or green/oyster. 8 to 40 hip sizes. Coat and Skirt epartment. First floor. 5½ gns.

THE OTHER SUIT has a jacket of a gay check tweed sprinkled with radiant nubbles—blue, yellow, green and red. Have you noticed the enormous leather hook and eye fastener in front? Brown or green checks with a brown skirt, navy with navy. Or in smaller checks—brown, navy, black. Small Women's Department. First floor. 5½ gns.

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440.

In the Club at Heston—Flight-Lieut. "Dick" Atcherley, of Schneider Trophy fame, on the left, has been testing the "Pou" built at Heston by Mr. S. V. Appleby, seen on the right. Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston, centre, has also gone solo on the "Pou"

Three Hours to Switzerland

By Charles Ward

Flying Abroad

THE Crilly airway to Lisbon, with halts at Bordeaux and Madrid, is in operation, 'planes leaving Croydon at 6 a.m. and reaching the Portuguese capital at 5.30 in the afternoon. The line opens up to the air traveller much interesting country, for, from Bordeaux southwards and beyond the Pyrenees, there is some magnificent scenery and cities that appear to belong more to Africa than Europe. Considering how near Spain is to England, it is surprising that there has been no air route established sooner, and even now, Madrid is just a stopping-place and not the objective for the service. Soon after the Armistice Colonel Beatty flew one of the war-time D.H.4's between Madrid and London non-stop in little more than eight hours, and in 1921 the route was much used by ferry pilots delivering British 'planes to the Spanish Government. Owner-pilots will be interested to know that Stanavo, the trade name for all aviation fuels marketed by Anglo throughout the world, can be obtained abroad under the Carnet system. A receipt-book is issued before departure from this country, fuel and oil being obtainable on credit from the Stanavo representative at any aerodrome. The return of snow at the beginning of the month caused the cancellation of several services, and a determined effort is being made to combat ice-formation on aircraft in flight. Imperial Airways have had two of their liners, a D.H. Express and a Vickers "Velox," fitted with a compressed air plant to force a special liquid along the leading edges of the wings, this liquid melting the ice sufficiently for it to be blown away.

Coming Events

THE film party which was to have been held at Woodley last Saturday has been postponed until the 29th of this month, and the annual dinner and dance for Shoreham members will also take place at a later date yet to be announced. On June 27th the R.A.F. Display will be staged as usual, and a serious attempt is being made to produce this event as a more thrilling spectacle than it has been for the past year or so. The "set-piece," always a popular item, will be reintroduced. A film was shown at Hanworth the other day which ought to be available at every flying centre in the country. Entitled *Flying the Lindbergh Trail*, it is a most fascinating record of the Pan-American route from Miami through the West Indies down the east coast of South America to Buenos Aires, crossing the Andes and returning to the States via Panama.

Personalities Aloft

MR. H. W. CHATTAWAY, one of the pioneer cross-Channel pilots who was flying for Instone Air Lines when Croydon was first opened as an airport, has gone to Singapore. For many years "Chatters" has been sort of assistant manager at Croydon, and no one is better qualified to organise the official side of new air routes, with the necessary ground plan, than he. Singapore is to become the half-way-house of the air route round the world. Another of the Croydon "regulars" who has moved on, although not so far in this case, is "Jimmy" Jeffs, now in the control-tower at Heston, giving sharp words of command to air-liner captains and soloists on the "Flying Flea" alike.

To the Winter Sports by Air

"I CAN'T afford the time," is often the reluctant excuse of winter sport enthusiasts when denying themselves a week in Switzerland, whereas what they really mean is that the journey there and back cuts down a week's holiday to only a few days of actual sport. "Swissair" has changed all that, with a high speed, non-stop service from London to Basle in three hours, using the famous Douglas "Flying Hotel" liners. Since Christmas, more than 600 passengers have made the journey, the speed and comfort of which is a revelation. The latest "blind" flying instruments are installed to enable the flight to be made at 10,000 feet or higher, well above the bad weather. It is a sunshine flight, and the cost—£13 16s. return—is much below first-class train fare. Light meals, including drinks, are cheap, and cigarettes are included in the fare. After three hours for lunch and an inspection of Basle, a through train to Interlaken gives connections to Mürren, Wengen, Grindelwald, and Adelboden the same evening.

The International Motor-Car

By The Earl of Cardigan

A FEW years ago it would have been very easy to write on the national characteristics displayed by motor-cars. To-day, such a theme would prove very much more difficult; the reason being that national features are no longer so well marked. Cars are becoming more international in their design.

To put it another way, there has been a tendency for ideas to be interchanged between the designers of different nations. The modern English car displays features which could once be regarded as purely American, just as a number of American cars show a decided English influence. Moreover, in both cases, there is an admixture of what was originally Continental practice.

The ordinary motorist, I fancy, is only partly aware of this. He probably recognises that American influence has been at work to give us some of our most popular 1936 models — those large and

(*Continued on page* iv)

Three Modes of Locomotion

The peasant cart and skiers are on an Estonian road with Donald Healey, who drove his Triumph from Tallinn in the recent Rallye Monte Carlo. Mr. Healey is a winner of the Barclays Bank and René Léon cups

ESS VIOTTO

FOR THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION

The application of a few drops of ESS VIOTTO on the hands develops an unfailing beauty habit. It keeps the hands and complexion white, soft and beautiful.

A few drops on a damp sponge or face cloth used regularly keeps your complexion in excellent condition.

For use on the hands you will find full directions on the bottle.

1/6, 2/6, 4/9, 6/9

BRONNLEY, LONDON

Millions of Housewives

Improve their gravies, soups, stews, and meat-dishes, with Oxo, giving them more tastiness, more richness, and increased nutritive value.

OXO

BEEF IN BRIEF

50/35

THE

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4 Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5 Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6 MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8 Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20 César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22 Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25 CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29 International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5 Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1 GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2 Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4 Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8 GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10 GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13 Motor Races; Prince Rainier Cup & GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29 Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15 Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Cafe de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

The International Motor-Car

(*Continued from page* ii)

luxurious cars of 25 h.p. or more, which sell at so moderate a price. He probably does not appreciate that a corresponding flow of ideas from England to America has also been taking place.

This, however, is true. To take a simple example: it used to be possible to speak of "American" steering. This expression implied a form of steering having a low gear ratio, light action, but no self-centring effect. This sort of steering compelled the driver to make several turns of the wheel while rounding a corner, and several more turns in the reverse direction for the purpose of straightening up.

"English" steering was quite different. It had a higher gear-ratio, firm action, a well-marked self-centring effect, giving the front wheels a natural tendency both to run straight and to return automatically to the straight-ahead position.

To-day, it is unusual—although not unknown—to find an English car with "American" steering. It is becoming quite common for an American car to steer in the "English" fashion. The very last American car which I drove had this latter form of steering so excellently developed that—had I been blindfolded when I took the wheel—I should certainly have supposed it to be the product of a British factory.

It is the same with springing. There was a time when the American style of springing was entirely different from the English. For many purposes—notably for very rough roads—the American was decidedly superior. For other purposes, however—such as for high-speed running—the English variety was better, and some forms of Continental springing perhaps better still.

This is not the case to-day. English and European springing has become infinitely more confortable for low speeds over bad roads. American springing has become decidedly firmer and better for speed work. In each case there has been an improvement, in which purely national peculiarities have been eliminated, and more consistent all-round results have been achieved.

As regards engines, the side-valve type was once almost universal in America, while European firms were showing more and more preference for overhead valves. Now, in England at any rate, one may notice a general return to side-valve engines for most low-priced chassis, while the Americans have taken to overhead valves in a number of instances.

Gear-boxes, not long ago, almost invariably had three speeds in America, but more frequently four in Europe. Now, there are several four-speed units built in America, and, as I mentioned recently, a slight reaction towards three speeds in this country.

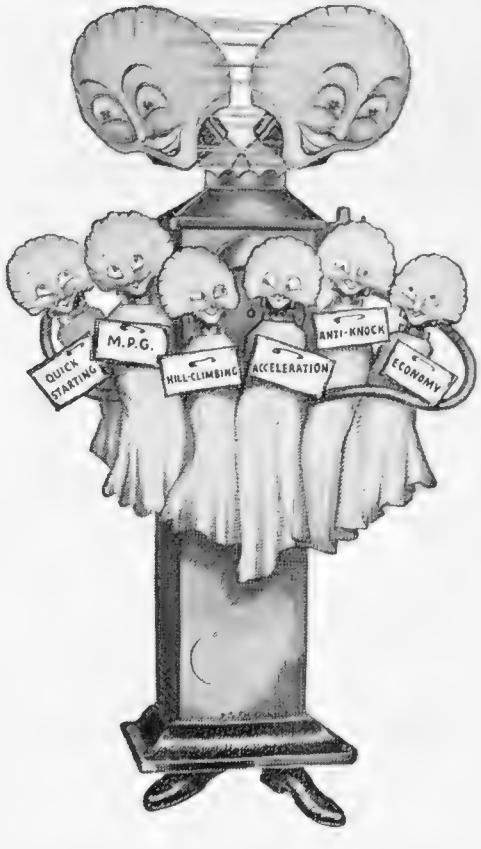
One could go on multiplying instances indefinitely. The conclusion, however, is evident. The motor-car is gradually becoming internationalised, or—perhaps more correctly—the international taste in motor-cars is becoming stabilised. There is now some measure of world-wide agreement as to what a good car is, what it should do, and just how it should do it.

Certain national differences must, of course, always exist, if only for geographic reasons. Even apart from our lamentable horse-power tax (it is still basically lamentable, irrespective of the 25 per cent. reduction!), England will always tend to produce more than her share of small cars. We live in a small country, and normally make short journeys over roads which are uniformly good. Also, traffic congestion is acute, so that the big car's advantage is very often neutralised.

America, I take it, is always likely to prefer the large car. Distances in the States are enormous, and there are bad roads as well as good ones. All large Colonial areas will also, other things being equal, like the large car best. In Europe, something economical but very sturdy seems to be indicated.

Thus we may be sure that a completely stereotyped form of motor-car, selling equally well all over the world, will never be evolved. It may be that we are as near to it now as we are ever likely to get. If we were able, in 1936, to put together a composite car, made up of British, American and Continental parts, it would at least not be a monstrosity—or far less of a monstosity than would have been the case had a similar experiment be made ten years ago.

"Crikey!"



Another record *by SHELL*

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fourth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st, will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 21st and Sunday, March 22nd

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.. .....

Club.. ..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with ..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed).....

Modern Hairdressing at Home

THE fashion for curls still persists, and they are really not so very difficult to manage, even for women living in the country far away from a hairdresser. In the coiffure on the left, for instance, the hair is cut fairly short and parted on one side. At night it is divided into strands, and each one is rolled tightly up with braids which do not injure the scalp. In the morning, each curler is undone separately, and the hair combed and wound round the finger. A touch of brilliantine will give an added lustre to the hair, and hold the curls in place. The same treatment is applied to the head in the centre, save that the hair is softly waved with setting combs, and just the ends curled. One of the newest coiffures is seen on the right. Loose curls are piled high on the crown, and the hair is brushed off the forehead and away from the ears.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons under handicap during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

January Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. R. G. Gibson ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	82	16	66	73	7 below
Mrs. C. P. Leonard ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	87	16	71	73	2 "
Miss Mary Wall ..	Weston-super-Mare ..	79	4	75	75	Equal
Mrs. W. T. Swannell..	Northampton	83	8	75	75	"
Mrs. Eric Ainley ..	Huddersfield	89	12	77	77	"
Mrs. John H. Adin ..	Northenden	84	10	74	73	1 above
Miss K. Dawson ..	Meltham	93	18	75	74	1 "
Miss Z. Bonner Davis	Sidcup	83	7	76	74	2 "
Miss Nora Williams..	Coxmoor	82	8	74	72	2 "
Miss Joan Sansom ..	Tamworth	89	14	75	73	2 "
Miss Joyce Stevens ..	Sherwood Forest ..	85	6	79	76	3 "
Miss D. R. Wooding..	Kingsthorpe	86	8	78	74	4 "
Mrs. F. Thorougood..	Freshfield	92	16	76	72	4 "
Mrs. Pritt	Sundridge Park (West Course)	93	14	79	74	5 "
Mrs. C. Garner ..	Huyton	94	16	78	73	5 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. D. C. Sumner	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	93	26	67	73	6 below
Miss M. H. Guthrie ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	69	28	69	73	4 "
Miss Stidston ..	Yelverton	111	36	75	75	Equal

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. S. Beales ..	Freshfield	105	31	74	72	2 above
Mrs. E. Morland ..	Birkdale	114	36	78	76	2 "
Mrs. O'Rorke ..	North Hants	101	24	77	74	3 "
Mrs. Banting.. ..	North Hants	106	28	78	74	4 "
Mrs. Saveker.. ..	Bloxwich	105	24	81	75	6 "
Miss B. Hutchison ..	North Hants	106	26	80	74	6 "
Mrs. J. Robinson ..	Freshfield	108	29	79	72	7 "
Mrs. Kennedy ..	North Hants	116	34	82	74	8 "
Mrs. Lumley.. ..	Bradford	103	22	81	71	10 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month:* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Marshall & Snelgrove's :

THREE ENTIRELY NEW MODELS FROM AN IRRESISTIBLE COLLECTION OF DRESSING GOWNS AND JACKETS

THE 'TREVOR' Bed Jacket in pure silk satin Beauté daintily trimmed with Val. lace, sleeve just above elbow. All lingerie colours, Price **20/=**
Nightdresses to match, Price 20/-.

THE 'NEWNHAM' below is a delightful Breakfast Jacket in crêpe de Chine, lined contrasting colour to match the cornelly work, dainty sleeve cut up to show lining. Colours: Peach / Nil, Nil / Peach, Pink/Sky, Ivory/ Nil, etc. Price **69/6**

THE 'NOEL,' is an inexpensive yet well-tailored wrap, cut exactly as a gentleman's dressing-gown in tie-spot silk; this garment is useful for travelling or cruising wear. It has belt at waist and pockets. Colours: Brown, Bottle, Wine and Navy. Price **25/9**

Please call and see the many attractive garments in our Dressing-Gown Salon on the first floor. Any of the garments on this page will be sent on approval.

Marshall & Snelgrove (Oxford Street) Ltd.
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
MAYFAIR 6600

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Kismet Hankey

Is the elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. E. Barnard Hankey, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hankey, of the Barton, Cirencester; she is engaged to Austin King, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin M. King, of Campden Crescent, Bath

Lenare

Leslie Mary Dowding

Has become engaged to Geoffrey Goddard, of Meadowlake, Sandown Avenue, Esher; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Walter Dowding, of 4, Victoria Road, W.8, late of Bombay and Calcutta

Douglas

Diana Morley

Has become engaged to William Lindsay, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, of the Tower of Lethendy, Meikleour, Perthshire; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morley, of 3, Oakwood Mansions, W.4

Lafayette

Patricia Smithwick

Patricia Adelaide Smithwick is the younger daughter of the Rev. F. F. S. Smithwick, of Youghal House, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary; she is engaged to William James Brian Sherlock, of Wymstrode, Billinghurst, eldest son of Sir Alfred and Lady Sherlock, of Kalacoon, Caterham, Surrey

Fayer of Vienna

Mary Kesteven

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Kesteven, of 16, Sloane Court, S.W.; her engagement is announced to Christopher Rhodes, only son of Lieut.-Col. Sir John Rhodes, Bart., D.S.O., of 10, Tite Street, S.W., and Mrs. Wilson Plant, of 9, Halsey Street, S.W.

Hay Wrightson

Ursula Grotrian

Ursula Catherine Grotrian is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Grotrian, of North Stainley Hall, Ripon, Yorkshire; she is engaged to Martin Yorke Watson, third son of the Archdeacon of Richmond, and Mrs. Watson, of The Residence, Ripon

Bassano

Elizabeth Oldfield

Is the only daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Louis and Lady Oldfield, of Lockerley Manor, near Romsey, Hants.; she has become engaged to James Hamilton, son of Mr. Sydney de C. Hamilton, of Camden Street Cross Road, Winchester, and the late Mrs. Hamilton

Balfour — Spicer

Patrick Small Keir Balfour, younger son of the late Frank Balfour and Mrs. Balfour, of Kindrogan, Blaigowrie, Perthshire, and Lilah Camilla Spicer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Spicer, of Avalon, Purley, were married at the Savoy Chapel, Strand

Jones — Pickering

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Nancy Pickering, only child of the late Warley Pickering, of Yorkshire, and Mrs. Pickering, of Compton Court, Eastbourne, was married by the Bishop of London to Peter Benton Jones, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Benton Jones, of Whirlow Brook, near Sheffield

Mallock — Tiarks

Richard Herbert Mallock, son of the late Major C. M. Mallock, D.S.O., of Cockington Court, Torquay, Devon, married Myra Emmy Tiarks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, of Foxbury, Chislehurst, Kent ; the wedding was at Brompton Oratory

Caird — Coate

tty Coate, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philip Coate, of Vennes, Lausanne, Switzerland, was married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, to Andrew Hector Caird, eldest son of Sir Andrew Caird, and the late Lady Caird, of Argyle Lodge, Park Side, Wimbledon

Couper — Soames

John Neil Couper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Couper, of 2, Douro Place, W.8, and Betty Soames, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Soames, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Wombwell — Leitch

Sir Philip Wombwell, Bart., son of the late Capt. Frederick Wombwell, and Mrs. Stamford Booth, of Leam, Ringwood, Hants, married Ida Elizabeth Leitch, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leitch, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth ; the wedding took place at Bournemouth

Lenare

Marjorie Eills

Is the daughter of Mr. Burton Eills, J.P., and the late Mrs. Eills, of Elmswood, Mossley Hill, Liverpool ; she is engaged to Geoffrey Robert Mellor, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mellor, of Buxton, Derbyshire

Lenare

Daphne Duke and Osborne Philips

The engagement has been announced between Osborne David Philips, third son of the late F. D. Philips, of Auckland, New Zealand, and Mrs. H. W. Stacey and stepson of Harold William Stacey, of 19, Albion Street, London, and Daphne Duke, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Glebfield, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. The marriage will take place on the 25th of this month at St. George's, Hanover Square

Lenare

Cara Pinckney

Has become engaged to Charles Hall Wrigley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wrigley, of Field House, Longwood, Huddersfield ; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, of Glenaray, Waikaia, South Island, New Zealand, and lives at 29, Collingham Gardens, S.W.5

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 12—February 18

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—Transferred from the St. Martin's, this play continues in its amusing and mystifying way, with Frank Vosper heading the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.—Auden and Isherwood's piece about a pilgrim in modern Europe mixes farce and doggerel with satire and poetry. Capital fun if you take your brains with you: Westminster, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This Chinese charmer looks as if it will outlive the Art Exhibition. Carol Coombe is Precious Stream in S. I. Hsiung's play: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon. or Thurs.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PAGE FROM A DIARY.—Ernst Deutsch, Greer Garson, and Nicholas Hannen take us from Monte Carlo to the North-West Frontier and back again: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair. Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—From Shakespeare to Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis is nothing to Lilian Bayliss. This new play of joint authorship is about Buonaparte (Kenneth Kent) in his last days of exile: Old Vic, 8 (not Mons.). Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest heads a strong cast which includes Sybil Thorndike, Ursula Jeans, and A. E. Matthews; an improbable plot well acted: Queen's, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Royalty, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—The revived play about white men, brown women and black hate still shows a lot of life. Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall, and Walter Sondes contribute to the colours: Piccadilly, 6.30 and 9.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

With Music

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 72.—This programme starts Revudeville on its fifth year, with the singer Doreen Dalton, a ballet of the "Zoo," a sketch of Roman Britain, and Hugh Rene, Edna Thompson, Doris Barry, and Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Florence Desmond and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE LIMPING MAN.—Essentially a mirth and mystery piece. John Stuart, Charles Carson, Arthur Hardy, and Joan Carol combine the hilarity and horrors: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megolomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; OR WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime, with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire with their polished performance together are undoubtedly the making of this otherwise slight piece: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

OUT OF THE DARK.—Ingram D'Abbes new play directed by Sydney Carroll is about a blind novelist (Henry Oscar), who suddenly regains his sight. Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is his wife: Ambassadors, to-night, 12th.

CINEMAS

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN.—Film version of Jeffery Farnol's Regency prize-fighting novel adapted by Clemence Dane; Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Elissa Landi are the stars: London Pavilion.

ANYTHING GOES.—Bing Crosby and Ida Lupino in the film of the musical mix-up on a Transatlantic boat. Lewis Milestone directed: Plaza.

DR. SOCRATES.—Paul Muni's new film, but it has nothing to do with ancient Greece. Ann Dvorak and Barton Maclane are in it: Regal.

FISH FROM HELL.—Shows the thrills of deep-sea fishing. PLUTO'S JUDGMENT, colour cartoons, news and magazines: Tatler.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—René Clair's film about a ghost bought with a Scots castle and taken to America still draws crowds to the Leicester Square.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss's latest, in which he wears a moustache as a down-and-out, and also foils some crooks, goes to the Dominion and New Victoria.

HOHE SCHULE.—The German for Haute Ecole; is about Captain Cavelli, who does a masked riding act. Forster, who played opposite Bergner in *Traumende Mund*, is the Captain: Academy.

I DREAM TOO MUCH.—Coloratura soprano Lily Pons in a musical picture of the operatic sort: Carlton.

THE IMMORTAL SWAN.—The postponed gala showing of the Pavlova film has been fixed for the 20th at the Regal.

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Conrad Veidt and Noah Beery in a tough convict settlement with Helen Vinson: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.—Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett in a well-worn story of gambling for money and love. Also CHARLIE CHAN IN CHINA: New Gallery.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin has Paulette Goddard to lead in his new typically Chaplin film: Tivoli.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Henry Hall and the B.B.C. dance orchestra are stars of this nebulous piece of work: Astoria.

RENDEZVOUS.—George Powell is good in his latest about a U.S. agent in the war time. Rosalind Russell is with him: Empire.

SECOND BUREAU.—The French spy film with Vera Korene runs on, pending the Guitry première: Curzon.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

LOHENGRIN: to-night, 12th, 7.45.

TOSCA: Thurs., 13th, 8.

FAUST (with Ballet): Fri., 14th, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY: Sat., 15th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE FAUST BALLET (see under Opera).

CAISSE NOISETTE, APPARITIONS: Sat., 15th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, SIESTA, FAÇADE. JOB: Tues., 18th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—The répertoire includes DAVID, LES SYLPHIDES, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House, week-days, 9.30—7 (Thurs., till 10).

NATIONAL SOCIETY EXHIBITION.—The N.S. of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters gives its seventh exhibition: Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, 10—4.

AUGUSTUS JOHN.—Exhibition of Etchings: Adams Galleries, 2, Pall Mall Place, 10—4.

(*Continued on page* E)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS

Recitals

SABINE KALTER.—Her last recital this season, at the Grotrian Hall, to-night, 12th, 8.30.

DUDLEY BRIDGE.—A piano recital at the Æolian Hall, to-night, 12th, 8.30.

LEA LUBOSCHUTZ.—The Russian violinist plays, with Eugene Helmer at the piano: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 12th, 8.30.

VICTORIA SCHLAGETER.—Soprano songs, with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 13th, 8.15.

KUTCHER QUARTET.—Chamber music at the Grotrian Hall, Fri., 14th, 8.30.

JANET POWELL.—The soprano in a recital with Edwin Benbow at the piano: Æolian Hall, Fri., 14th, 8.30.

NEW LONDON TRIO.—The trio is David Wise, Norina Semino, John Pauer: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 14th, 8.30.

SUGGIA.—The 'cellist in a sonata recital with Kathleen Long. Works by Brahms, Franck, Beethoven: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 17th, 8.30.

ADILA FACHIRI.—The violinist, assisted by a Chamber Orchestra, in a Bach evening. Concertos in D minor and E major; Suite in E major; Chaconne from D minor Sonata: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 18th, 8.30.

Orchestral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The B.B.C. Orchestra, Philharmonic Choir, and Ernst von Dohnanyi are conducted by Ernest Ansermet; Mozart's Symphony in C (No. 41), Beethoven's Piano Concerto in C minor (No. 3), Stravinsky's Œdipus Rex: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts; Beethoven's Coriolan Overture, Schubert's Ninth Symphony, "Two Poems" by Bloch, Debussy's "Images": Queen's Hall, Thurs., 13th, 8.15.

BORRAH MINEVITCH.—And his symphonic harmonicas, with the Kentucky Singers; proceeds go to the National Playing Fields Association: Queen's Hall, Sun., 16th, 3.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The L.S.O., conducted by Albert Coates (vocalist, Vera de Villiers); first performance in England of Coates' Defence of Guinevere (from "Lancelot"); Tschaikowsky's Symphony in B minor, Höller's "Hymnen über gregorianische Choralmelodien": Queen's Hall, Mon., 17th, 8.15.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—The Chamber Music Ensemble from the B.P.O. plays Brahms' Clarinet Quintet and Schubert's Octet: Queen's Hall, Tues., 18th, 8.15.

THE WHINYATES QUARTET.—The Quartet and Joy Broughton (oboe) in the R.C.M. Patron's Fund series: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 18th, 5.30.

ELIJAH.—Mr. T. C. Fairbairn's dramatised version of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" employs 1000 performers in costume, with ballet and dramatic effects, including volcanic eruptions on Mount Sinai. Albert Coates conducts a full orchestra, Vera de Villiers sings Jezebel: Royal Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin continues until the week-end, then comes Marion Harris, American Blues singer; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies of 1936 are here—Hollywood Starlets, Florine McKinney, a dancer and a funny turn; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Florence Chumbecos and Walter Crisham are dancing in the "Jardin Fleuri" cabaret; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

The Spring HATS...

in the Model Millinery Salons

...at Debenhams

...

A new shape made in stitched cire satin in several good colours. Trimmed with petersham

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

Debenhams Ltd.

FOR AGED AND AGEING PEOPLE

There is no Food so easy to assimilate, so nourishing and so palatable as Benger's. It is Food in its lightest form, containing every thing necessary to sustain life. *Benger's Food converts fresh milk into a delicious Food cream, partially self-digested. It is quite distinct from any other food obtainable.*

BENGER'S Food Trade Mark

Send postcard for interesting description of the Benger's Food self-digestive process. Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

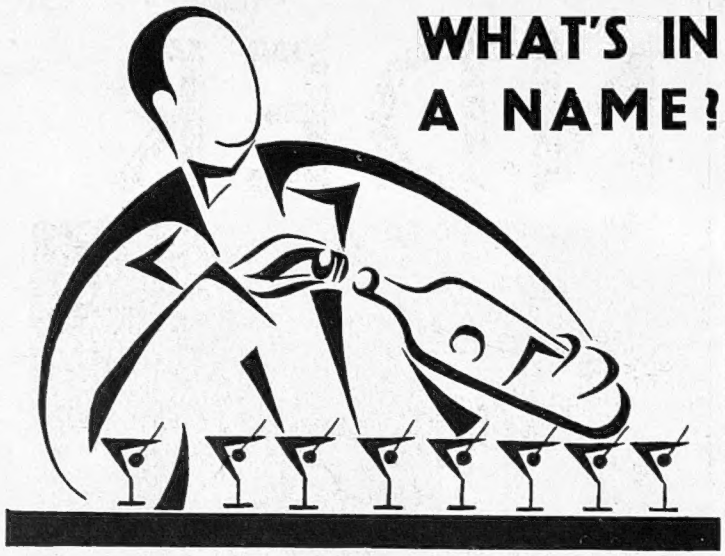
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

CRUEL FURS & OTHERS

How can you wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?

Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Advts.

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

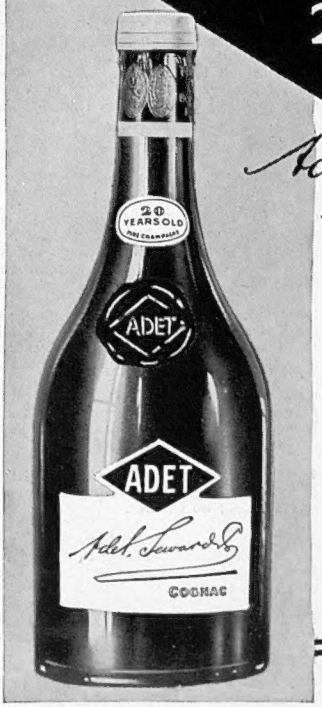
EVERYTHING—WHEN IT'S

SEAGERS GIN

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

ADET 20



Adet Seward & Co

FINE CHAMPAGNE BRANDY

20 Years Old

A Liqueur Brandy to linger over. Possessing exquisite flavour and bouquet.

Obtainable from all high-class Wine Merchants and Stores.

Pintail Sherry, Dry

THE PERFECT APPETISER

72/- per dozen bottles

Sample bottle, post free **6/-**

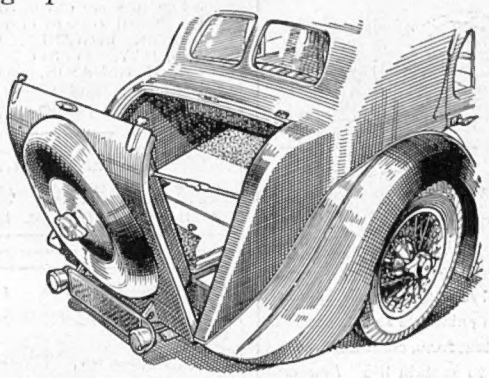
If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH . . . SCOTLAND

THE NEW MG TWO-LITRE

Buy a car made in the United Kingdom.

EVERY TWO-LITRE M.G. has eleven cubic feet of built-in luggage space . . . . .



. . . . . that's why you can carry all the luggage you want—even four sets of golf clubs—shut and locked up.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, ABINGDON-ON-THAMES

SL.2

DEAF

HEAR THROUGH THE BONES

VOICES NOW COME TO LIFE

The great wonder of the "Acousticon" Super Bone Conductor is the way in which it enables people—in many instances even so-called stone-deaf cases—to listen to and join in ordinary conversation, spoken in normal tones, often from the other side of a comparatively large room. Moreover, there is nothing about it which can deter the most fastidious person in the world from wearing it. There is nothing to hold, and practically nothing to see. And yet it makes you hear almost as if you had never been deaf at all.

Let us prove it to you in your own home without trouble, expense or obligation.

FREE HOME TEST

arranged, or call at our demonstration rooms for free test. No consultation fees; no obligation.

Write for free copy of "'Sound' Advice from the Deaf who now Hear."

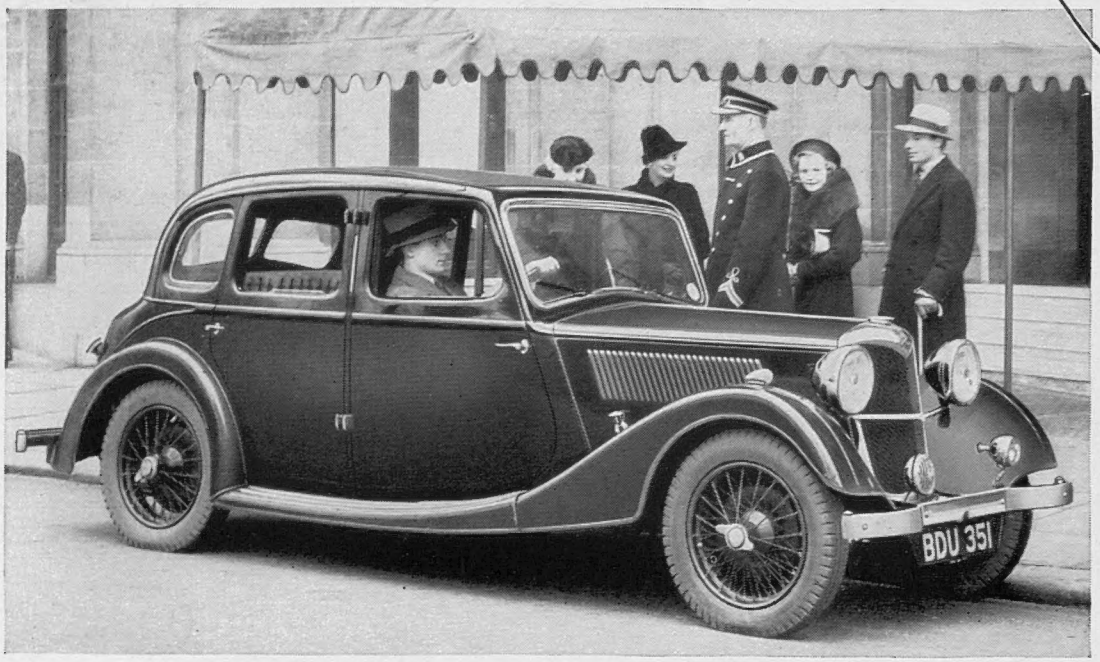
General Acoustics, Ltd.,
77, Wigmore St., LONDON, W.1

Telephone · Welbeck 7223

Branches. Glasgow, 75, Buchanan St.; Manchester, 14, St. Ann's Square; Birmingham, 14, New Street.

ACOUSTICON

for the New Outlook



Riley

A lot more room—for five—and a lot more light. All the latest Riley features, which are found combined in no other car, irrespective of price. This is the finest all-purpose Riley that has ever been built — which in itself should justify your making immediate demonstration arrangements.

ADELPHI

RILEY 6-LIGHT 5-SEATER "ADELPHI" COACHBUILT SALOON. 1½ Litre (Tax £9 0 0) £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) £380. Other Riley models from £269. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry

Rub away Chest Pains

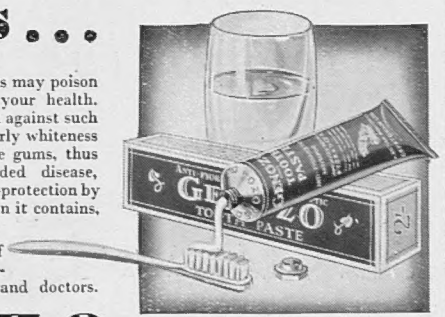
That painful tightness which clamps your breath in your chest is a congestion, which may lead to pleurisy. The glow of a VOLATOL rub penetrates deep, spreads wide. Stimulates circulation, sweeps away all the tightness, and with it all the pain. Remember this when a chill strikes into your chest. If you want to breathe freely, the treatment for chill is—*warmth.*

VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS
STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, TIGHT CHESTS, RHEUMATISM, ETC.
Of Chemists. *Thos. Kerfoot & Co., Ltd.*

GENOZO guards teeth *and* gums...

Improperly cared-for teeth and gums may poison your whole system and undermine your health. The *regular* use of Genozo protects you against such a misfortune. It not only gives a pearly whiteness to the teeth, but also strengthens the gums, thus increasing resistance to that dreaded disease, Pyorrhœa. Genozo achieves this gum-protection by means of a valuable bacterial emulsion it contains, which is absorbed by the gum tissues.

Start to-day the regular use of Genozo—the dentifrice that is recommended by hundreds of dentists and doctors.



GENOZO Brand **TOOTH PASTE**

1/3 *and* 2/- (DOUBLE QUANTITY)

MADE BY GENATOSAN LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

AN INSTITUTION *in Entertaining and Hospitality*

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Queen's Sweet Sportsman's Dry

"For all home entertaining have this lovely liqueur — famous for over a century."

Little Lady Liqueur

WELCOME ALWAYS — KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

From your Wine Merchant or write... T. GRANT & SONS, Ltd. MAIDSTONE, Eng. (*Est.* 1774)

Famous for Fifty Years

Rendells

Approved by Doctors

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning THE BYSTANDER *when replying to their announcements.*

ESD LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT

MOST MODERN SECURE AND CENTRAL IN EUROPE.

Nominal Charges.

'Phone: *Whitehall 8845*

18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

From "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION" in the February Number.

Only in the Delightful

MAGAZINE

BRITANNIA AND EVE

can you read month by month the entertaining "Old Tales Retold"—Written and profusely Illustrated by

FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.